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The
Periscope
1924



Star Chamber



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*Mr. Born Sept 8 1904
Engle Jan 14 1896
Besse Jan 1 1889*



PERISCOPE
OF
CHURUBUSCO HIGH SCHOOL
1923--1924

VOLUME IV

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
CHURUBUSCO HIGH SCHOOL

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FOREWORD

WE give you the product of our work after months of planning and effort. We have earnestly endeavored to record the happiest and most worthy events of the school year. We hope that we have preserved the best. If you find pleasure in recalling these events through the Periscope, our reward will be complete.

TO the business men of Churubusco, who have made it possible for us to publish this annual through their willing contributions and to the patrons of Churubusco High School who have so nobly responded to the growing needs of the present classes, we, the Senior Class of 1924, dedicate this fourth edition of the Periscope.



*Mishekenoqua was
prime leader of the
Miamis until his death.*



FACULTY



LEIGH L. HUNT

Graduate of Columbia City High School, Graduate of Indiana University. Member of Acacia and Phi Delta Phi Fraternities.

Teaching Experience

Principal of Etna Township High School; Principal of South Whitley High School.

RUTH VAN NATTA HUNT

Graduate of Otterbein High School, College work at Indiana University. Member of Delta Zeta Fraternity.

Teaching Experience

Latin and English teacher at South Whitley High School.



J. ROY SMITH

Graduate of Columbia City High School, College work at Indiana University. Indiana Club member.

Teaching Experience

Science teacher at Churubusco High School; Grade teacher at Blue River three years.



LILLIAN F. COUCHMAN

Graduate of Roachdale High School, Graduate of Oxford College, Music school, Post Graduate work at Oxford College.



PAUL LEWIS LEAMAN

Graduate of Churubusco High School, Indiana University work. Member of Lambda Chi Alpha Fraternity.

KATIE E. PAIGE

Graduate of Columbia City High School, Three months at Winona Lake Normal, Two and one half years at Indiana University. Member of the State Home Economics Association.

Teaching Experience

Two years teaching in Elementary grades, Richmond, Indiana. One year at Churubusco High School.









PERISCOPE BOARD

Jim Deck
Evalyne Raypole
Ray McBride
Isabelle Nickey
Mr. Smith

Bernice Deem
Joe Weaver
Ellsworth Johnson
Bessie Fleck
Mrs. Hunt

From the members of the annual board must be selected the editors and business managers of the annuals of future years. Their work is often routine, definite tasks so necessary in the making of a good book, yet tasks which the members of the staff have not the time to do. Oftentimes their work receives little commendation or notice. Their satisfaction is found in the fact that they are big workers in little places, preparing to make future Periscopes better.



*A favorite Camping
place of Mishekenoqua
was near Churubusco,
on Eel River.*



SENIOR

SENIOR CLASS OF 1924

CLASS OFFICERS

SAMUEL GRAY, President.

TRUMAN KRIDER, Vice-President.

GRACE FLOWERS, Secretary and Treasurer.

MR. HUNT, Class Advisor

CLASS COLORS

Green and White

CLASS FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

MOTTO

"Tonight we launch, where shall we anchor?"

SENIOR CLASS OF TWENTY FOUR

Oh! how many of you will forget
 When time's havoc has made its mark
 On your countenance, as on mine,
 The days that were so filled with joy
 With sorrow, victory, and defeat,
 The wisdom of the sages so inspiring
 Laying forgotten at our feet?
 Oh! how many of you can forget
 The voices that plead to us then
 To stop in our folly and repent,
 And gain once more the pathways
 Of learning, and studied ambition,
 That pushes on in the one endless intent?
 The glory of the thing, is, Success.
 How long will you try to remember
 The memories of these school days
 As you gaze through the dim veil of years?
 A hand to brush away the tears
 That needs must come, bar resolution.
 So as you pause at the window of time
 Remember this is but the beginning,
 The beginning of attempts unknown.
 The way we spent our time, now dark!
 Shall be the only true chronicler
 That can paint aright the pathways
 Which our feet will trend in the future,
 To the close of struggles and, the grave.

RAY BARCUS

Born, April 24, 1905

"Logic is logic, that's all I say."
County Fair, '21-'22; Corn Judging
Contest, '21-'22.

ROBERT BENWARD

Born, September 10, 1906

"With him who knocks at the door of
peace seek not hostility."

Vice-President of Class of '20-'24;
Secretary of Class of '21-'22; Basket
Ball, '20-'24; Base Ball, '21-'22;
County Fair, '21-'22; Track, '21-'22;
Glee Club, '22-'24; Operetta, "The
Gypsy Rover", '23-'24.

CHARLES BRUBAKER

Born, August 21, 1906

"Direct not him, whose way himself will
choose."

Basket Ball, '22-'23; Glee Club, '23-
'24; Orchestra, '20-'24; County Fair,
'21-'22; Operetta, "The Gypsy Rover",
'23-'24.

VIRGINIA CARTER

"Be all joy, care'll kill a cat."

Operetta, "The Gypsy Rover", '23-
'24; Glee Club, '23-'24.

BERNICE DEEM

"Kindness, nobler ever than revenge."

Operetta, '20-'21; County Fair, '21-
'22; Annual Board, '23-'24; "Wreck
of the Hesperus", '23-'24; President
of Girl's Glee Club, '23-'24; Operetta,
"The Gypsy Rover", '23-'24.





GRACE FLOWERS

Born, February 8, 1906

"She is fussy, no doubt, but her real activity bears a fair proportion of her fussiness."

Corinthian Literary Society, Deshler High School, '20-'22; Basket Ball, D. H. S., '20-'22; Captain C. H. S. Basket Ball team, '22-'23; Basket Ball, '23-'24; Secretary and Treasurer of Class of '23-'24; Glee Club, '23-'24; "Wreck of the Hesperus", '23-'24; Operetta, "The Gypsy Rover", '23-'24; Society Editor of "Periscope", '23-'24

WILLIAM FULLAM

Born, April 25, 1907.

"They that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton."

President of Class of '20-'21; "Aaron Boggs", '20-'21; "The Hoodo", '20-'21; County Fair, '21-'22; "A College Town", '21-'22; Base Ball, '21-'22; Basket Ball, '20-'24; Secretary of Class of '22-'23; Quartet, '22-'23; Glee Club, '22-'24; Assistant Business Manager, "Periscope", '22-'23; Business Manager of "Periscope", '23-'24; "Wreck of the Hesperus", '23-'24; Operetta "The Gypsy Rover", '23-'24.

BERNICE GORDON

Born, June 18, 1905

"..... to climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first."

"Wild Rose", '20-'21; County Fair, '21-'22.

PAUL GRAWCOCK

Born, August 31, 1906.

"And I pray you let none of your people stir me:

Sleep doth come upon me."

Glee Club, '20-'22; County Fair, '21-'22.

SAMUEL GRAY

Born, November 24, 1906

"I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it."

President of Class of '23-'24.

FLORENCE KING

Born, August 17, 1905

"You frighten me out of my seven senses!"

Basket Ball, '21-'24; County Fair '21-'22; Chorus, '21-'22.

NELLIE JONES

Born, February 6, 1905

"The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends it-
self in other's eyes."

Operetta, '20-'21; County Fair, '21-'22; President of Class of '22-'23; Oratorical Contest, '22-'23; "Wreck of the Hesperus", '23-'24; Operetta, "The Gypsy Rover", '23-'24; Orchestra, '22-'24.

TRUMAN KRIDER

Born, September 14, 1905

"..... a light heart lives long."

Secretary of Collins H. S., '21-'22; "Professor Pep", Collins H. S., '21-'22; Glee Club, '22-'24; Annual Board '22-'23; Athletic Editor of 'Periscope' '23-'24; President of C. H. S., A. A. '23-'24; Vice-President of Class of '23-'24; 'The Wreck of the Hesperus', '23-'24; Operetta, "The Gypsy Rover" '23-'24.

GERTRUDE MADDEN

Born, February 21, 1908

"For unstained thoughts do seldom dream
on evil."

County Fair, '21-'22; Glee Club, '22-'23; Basket Ball, '23-'24.

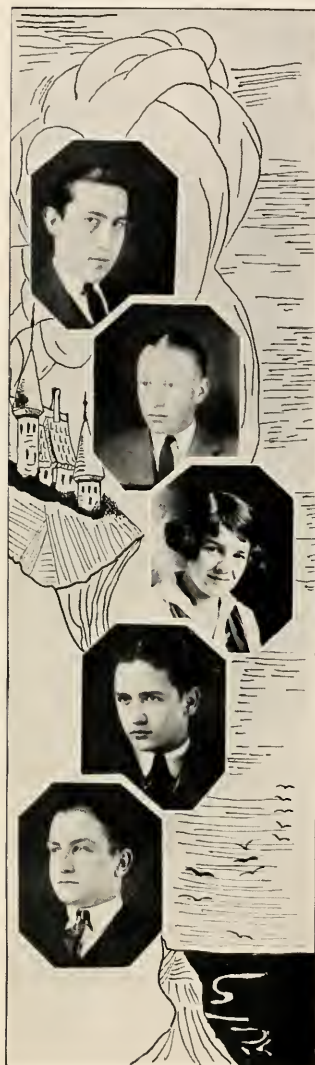
LILAH OLINGER

Born, January 12, 1904

"..... ne.er anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it."

Vice-President of Class of '21-'22; County Fair, '21-'22; Annual Board, '22-'23; Literary Editor of "Periscope", '23-'24; Glee Club, '22-'23.





HAROLD RAPP

Born, March 19, 1906

"Boldness, be my friend:

Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!"

County Fair, '21-'22; Basket Ball, '22-'23, '23; Art Editor of "Periscope", '23-'24.

ARTHUR SMITH

Born, July 26, 1906

"Better a blush in the face, than a blot in the heart."

Professor Pepp", Collins H. S., '21-'22; Glee Club, '22-'23; Athletic Board of Control, '23-'24; "The Gypsy Rover", '23-'24; "The Wreck of the Hesperus", '23-'24.

DOROTHY SPOULS

Born, November 30, 1906

Here richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultus grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare,
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!

Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?

County Fair, '21-'22; Glee Club, '22-'24; "The Wreck of the Hesperus".

RALPH THOMPSON

Born, December 12, 1906

"What a haste look through his eyes!

So should he look that seems to speak strange things."

County Fair, '21-'22; President of Class of '21-'22; Secretary of C. H. S. A. A., '23-'24; Track Meet, '21-'22; Assistant Editor of "Periscope", '22-'23; Editor of "Periscope", '23-'24.

WILLIAM VAN METER

Born, February 16, 1905

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice."

CEDRIC VEAZEY

Born, July 21, 1905

"..... since the little wit that fools had was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have, makes a great show."

County Fair, '21-'22; Annual Staff of "Periscope", '23-'24; Glee Club, '21-'22.

JOSEPH WEAVER

Born, June 21, 1905

"I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason than my profound taciturnity."

"The Hoodoo", '20-'21; "A College Town", '21-'22; "Aaron Boggs", '20-'21; County Fair, '21-'22; Quartet, '20-'23; Basket Ball, '20-'24; Vice-President of Class of '22-'23; Treasurer of C. H. S. A. A., '22-'23; Glee Club, '23-'24; "Wreck of the Hesperus", '23-'24; Operetta, "The Gypsy Rover", '23-'24; Annual Board, '23-'24.

JAY WHAN

Born, October 12, 1905

"The eagle suffers little birds to sing, And is not careful what they mean thereby;

Knowing that with the shadow of his wing, He can at pleasure stint their melody."

"Merchant of Venice", '20-'21.

FRANCIS HARTER

Born November 12, 1906

"My appetite comes to me while eating." County Fair. '21-'22.



SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

FOUR years ago I viewed with awe stricken eyes the interior of this beloved assembly. The pictures, bas-reliefs, and charts, and all the other features which have been burned into my memory were quite new then. Memories of the happiest and saddest moments of my life which were whiled away in this old building. Memories that shall never be blurred by the tempests of time.

Come, come, I must get back to the purpose of this essay; there will be time enough in the long dreary future to dream of things that were, and things that might have been.

A low ripple of laughter which was quite audible to our sensitive ears, issued from the west side of the room. This time, however, it met with an unexpected reception. The class of twenty-four was far different than any class previous to its time. Instead of retreating with flushed faces and awkward pauses, it stood up against the attacks and bravely fought its way through the year, led by William Fullam, Robert Benward and Mildred Jones.

The gayety with which we chose to combat these attacks took too firm a grasp upon us! Mad revel after mad revel shook the somber quiet of school. None of us escaped the scathing, burning scorn of the teachers as they scolded us for our shameful acts and untidy ways.

Little can be said of the next two years except that they were much like the first. There were some who left us and at last there remained only twenty-six and four of these, Grace Flowers from Deshler, Ohio, Samuel Gray from Danville, Illinois and Truman Krider and Arthur Smith from Collins, had joined us in the spring and fall of twenty-two.

Ralph Thompson was president of the second year's class and Lilah Olinger served as vice-president, while Gladys Stockert took care of the treasury. Nellie Jones gained the leader's chair in twenty-three, Joe Weaver assisted and "Bill" Fullam acted as secretary. Our best accomplishment of this year was the Junior-Senior banquet, and its success was due to our love of play. Books did not help us in this line, or it would have been like promotion cards, — mostly failure.

In the fall of twenty-three we elected Samuel Gray as president, Truman Krider for vice-president and Grace Flowers as secretary.

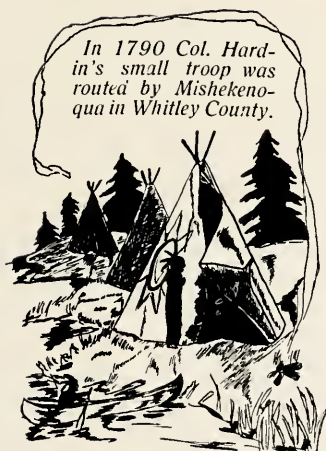
More attention has been put to our books as every one wishes to graduate, but to hear our teachers on that subject, would set us far below a good standard.

It is a plain fact that we shall reap what we sow and we cannot now bewail our bad luck as it is miscalled—but which is really poor reasoning.

"We stand therefore, O ye junior classes, as a shining example of how minds turned to pleasure will eventually drag one down. Stop ye therefore, look aghast at us and cry, Never, never! May we never be like that!"

NAME	NATIONALITY	DISPOSITION	PASTIME	AMBITION	WILL BE	PET NAME
Joseph Weaver	Turk	Hasty	Radio	Mechanic	Bum	Joe
Robert Benward	Jew	Fearless	Cornflakes	Blacksmith	Farmer	Bob
William Fullan	Decidedly Irish	Funny	Grace	Comedian	Football Star	Bill
Francis Harter	Egyptian	Lazy	Eating	Hasn't Any	Preacher	Pickle
Arthur Smith	Chinese	I'll Never Tell	Dates	Judge	Sailor	Art
Paul Grawcock	Russian	Sleepy	Dictionary	Millicaire	Bell Hop	
Harold Rapp	Suede	Harmless	Thinking	Mounted Policeman	Bandit	Red
Gertrude Madden	Hungarian	Moody	Bossing	Nursing	Old Maid	Gert
Charles Brubaker	Tartar	Sober	Bluffing	Angel	Circus Manager	Charlie
Tryman Kridler	English	Courteous	Speeding	Society Bug	Bachelor	
Bernice Deem	Greek	Sweet	Joe	Joe's Wife	Spinster	Bum
William VanMeter	Trojan	Senseless	Nagging	Mechanic	Mixer	Bill
Ray Barcus	Siamese	Stubborn	Griming	Sec. Agriculture	Hermite	Barky
Ralph Thompson	Laplander	Critical	Talking	Lawyer	Street Cleaner	Haggerty
Florence King	Swiss	Unhappy	Blushing	Movie Star	Nun	
Cedric Vazy	?	Shy	Whiz Bang	Architect	Gardener	Brit
Nellie Jones	Dutch	Pleasing	Whispering	Follies	Hash Slinger	Peanut
Jay Whan	Pygmy	Bashful	Daily Dozen	Auditor	Ladies' Man	
Grace Flowers	Mixture	Flighty	Wiegling	Not Decided	Anything	Snap
Bernice Gordon	Quaker	Snappy	Talking	Writer	Farmer's Wife	
Virginia Carter	Spaniard	Carefree	Chewing Gum	Toe Dancer	Wash Woman	Ginger
Lilah Oliniger	Slav	Sensitive	Bluffing	Acrobat	Agent	Olle
Samuel Gray	Bum	Haughty	Arguing	Editor	News Boy	Sam





In 1790 Col. Hard-
in's small troop was
routed by Mishekeno-
qua in Whitley County.

JUNIOR

JUNIOR CLASS OF 1925

CLASS OFFICERS

EVERETT JONES, President
 LOIS SUMMERS, Vice President
 FRANCIS DUNCAN, Secretary
 MARY DILLER, Treasurer
 MRS. HUNT, Class Advisor

CLASS COLORS

Old Gold and Blue

MOTTO

"Excelsior"

CLASS FLOWER

Russell Rose

CLASS ENROLLMENT

Ruth Barcus	Ellsworth Johnson
Edna Boggs	Everett Jones
Mary Diller	Ralph King
Frances Duncan	Helen Maloney
Rossie Duncan	Hildreth Miller
Bessie Fleck	Howard Nickey
Frank Flowers	Lois Stockert
Guy Frazier	Lois Summers
Neva Herron	Mabel Wade
Blanche Johnston	Clyde Zolman
Grace Johnston	Albert Heineger



CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

Ruth Barcus — "I am quite right."
 Edna Boggs — "I don't believe I know."
 Mary Diller — Cunning.
 Frances Duncan — Gentle as a lamb.
 Rossie Duncan — As fair as a princess to one's eye.
 Bessie Fleck — "Tee! Hee! Hee! Oh, Lois!"
 Frank Flowers — Class gossipier.
 Guy Frazier — "Don't accuse me of knowledge."
 Neva Herron — "Come! Join the fun."
 Blanche Johnston — "Wisdom is better than rubies."
 Grace Johnston — Peppy.
 Ellsworth Johnson — "U-m-m! I see I passed!"
 Everett Jones — "I'll not budge an inch."
 Ralph King — "My hair is auburn -- not red."
 Helen Maloney — Always taking the sunny side of life.
 Hildreth Miller — Seen before heard.
 Howard Nickey — "Let me tell them what is right."
 Lois Stockert — Always laughing.
 Lois Summers — "Oh, I should worry what happens now."
 Mabel Wade — "I don't know."
 Clyde Zolman — "I'm no ladies man."
 Albert Heineger — "Study never claimed me for her own."

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

SEPTEMBER 15, 1921 we, the members of Junior class started on a crusade—of course not to the holy land—just merely through high school. Our hardest battles were fought with Botany and Latin in the assembly and classrooms.

After we were able to find our way from the assembly to the classrooms without too much help, and after we had time to think matters over, we decided to have a class meeting and elect our class officers. We elected the following:

Walter Decker — President
Howard Nickey — Vice-President
Vera Deck — Secretary
Bessie Fleck — Treasurer

For our class colors we chose old gold and blue.

Soon after the beginning of the term the Sophomores gave us a party. After this social event we proceeded guiltily to finish the semester at the close of which we lost Mary Lafever, Mabel Robinson but at the same time the illustrious, Frank Flowers was added to our class.

During the second semester we returned the party given us by the Sophomores. However, the most important event of the semester was that a member of our class, namely, Neva Herron, won the County Oratorical Contest. We are very proud of the fact.

Well, our Freshman year quietly drew to a close and at the beginning of the Sophomore year we again took up our duties and began them very officially by electing officers, who are:

Howard Nickey — President
Everett Jones — Vice-President
Vera Deck — Secretary
Frank Flowers — Treasurer

For the Annual Board we elected Rossie Duncan and James Kocher. Mention might also be made of the fact that we enrolled two more members who were Edna Boggs and Clyde Zolman.

We gave a party to the poor little lonesome "Freshies" out of the kindness of our hearts and then went serenely on our own way.

At the end of the first semester we lost our "Great Thinker" the notable Jesse Grim.

Everett Jones won for us the local oratorical contest that year. We have some splendid "talkers" and as you'll notice, they are not all girls either.

This year on coming back to school we found that four of our old members had gone, Vera Deck, Donald Arnold, Mildred Bear and James Kocher, Edna Young left about the middle of the semester.

For class officers, we elected the following:

Everett Jones — President
Lois Summers — Vice-President
Francis Duncan — Secretary
Mary Diller — Treasurer

Howard Nickey and Everett Jones were elected as members of the Annual Staff, Ellsworth Johnson and Bessie Fleck as members of the Annual Board. We elected Mrs. Hunt for our Class Advisor and we are climbing to the top rung of the ladder—Senior.



*A second time that year
was Col. Hardin defeated
by Mishekenoqua near Eel
River Village.*



SOPHOMORE

SOPHOMORE CLASS OF 1926

CLASS OFFICERS

MABLE HART, President
 EVA HERRON, Vice President
 MABLE GORDON, Secretary and Treasurer
 MR. SMITH, Class Adviser

CLASS COLORS

Brown and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

American Beauty Rose Bud.

MOTTO

"We Lead —Where Others Follow"

CLASS ENROLLMENT

Roxie Barcus
 Carl Beamer
 Henry Boggs
 Trevor Bonar
 Samuel Brateman
 Wilda Davis
 Leonard Deck
 Gerald Egolf
 Harold Fleck
 Mildred Flowers
 Rhoda Frazier
 Mable Gordon
 Ernest Gross
 Arlo Gump
 Max Hammel
 Mable Hart
 Eva Herron
 Thelma Hyndman
 Pauline Johason

Erma Heiniger
 Lincoln Klemm
 Irene Krider
 Keneth Krider
 Estyl Landis
 Dallas Leitch
 Joseph Long
 Wiladean McConnel
 Velda McCoy
 Clarence McGuire
 Mildred McGuire
 Catherine Newhouse
 Ella Ott
 Evalyne Raypole
 Lois Raypole
 Helen Reed
 Emily Smith
 Charles Van Meter
 Nancy Wade



CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Carl Beamer — Full of pep!
 Henry Boggs — "I fergit."
 Trevor Bonar — "Oh! Yes, he smiles."
 Samuel Brateman — Mischief sparkles in his eyes.
 Wilda Davis — Worried but quiet.
 Leonard Deck — "Come on now! Lots a pep!"
 Gerald Egolf — "My kingdom! For a girl!"
 Harold Fleck — As brave as Hercules.
 Mildred Flowers — Her smiles have gone.
 Rhoda Frazier — So gentle and demure.
 Mable Gordon — Oh! Posey.
 Arlo Gump — Fat but wise.
 Ernest Gross — Anti-feminist.
 Mable Hart — Tom's only hope.
 Max Hammel — Mischevious! but good.
 Eva Herron — Always smiling.
 Erma Heiniger — "Thank you! I have a date!"
 Thelma Hyndman — Dutiful Daughter.
 Pauline Johnson — Harmless as a pet.
 Lincoln Klemm — A prodigy of learning.
 Irene Krider — She loveth pleasure.
 Kenneth Krider — Isn't he innocent?
 Estyl Landis — Our basket ball star.
 Dallas Leitch — "Look out! I'm coming."
 Joseph Long — Satisfied.
 Wiladean Mc Connell — Industrious Willy.
 Velda McCoy — Thinks freshman boys are good looking.
 Clarence McGuire — He likes to step out.
 Mildred McGuire — Industrious!
 Catherine Newhouse — Is she known at Blue Lake?
 Ella Ott — Bashful! Oh my!
 Evalyne Raypole — Our musician.
 Lois Raypole — Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.
 Helen Reed — We miss her.
 Emily Smith — "I don't know."
 Charles Van Meter — "I'm no ladies man."
 Nancy Wade — She's always busy.

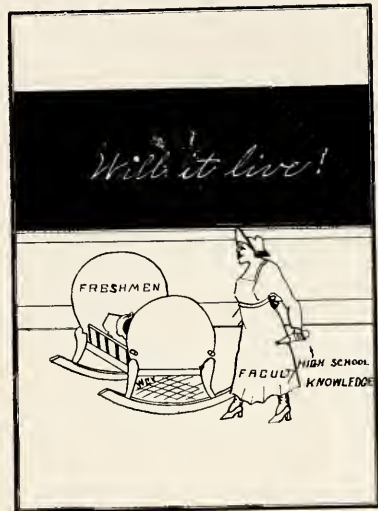
CLASS OF '26

ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1922, as the sun crept from the horizon, thirty-nine freshmen all having excess ambition which they intended to reach success left the palaces of vacation, and assembled at the door of education where they organized. The leaders were Mildred Thompson and Evalyne Raypole.

They left for the journey in the early morning and had not gone but a short distance when they missed one of their companions. Looking back they saw him running at a high rate of speed to reach the party. After a few minutes he was ready and they started on. As the sun rose and the dust became very thick they decided to take to the forest. After a few days they encountered the great animals such as history and civics. As they journeyed on they came to the river of botany and were compelled to cross.

They stumbled over the stumps of Algebra and English. Some had a hard struggle but for others it seemed very easy to dodge the hard parts. After two months of hard toil they seemed to lose all hope, consequently they elected Jim Deck as pep leader. He kept them on the run with his wonderful ability of leading cheers. After six months of hard toil some were not able to continue the journey and they were compelled to leave and make friends with Hard Labor.

The survivors continued their journey for nine months and were granted another vacation. After the three months of joy they again started on the journey in 1923. They elected new officers, Eva Herron and Mable Hart were chosen as the leaders of the party and Mildred Thompson and Jim Deck saw that things were in control. After they travel for nine more months half of the journey will be over and they are now looking forward to success with an enrollment of thirty-nine, all of whom are expecting to be graduates in '26.



An axe of Misheken-
oqua was found in Blue
Lake by a citizen of
Churubusco.



FRESHMAN

FRESHMAN CLASS OF 1927

CLASS OFFICERS

ROSS TRUMP, President.
 GERALDINE EGOLF, Vice President
 DAVID DEEM, Secretary.
 MISS COUCHMAN, Class Advisor.

CLASS COLORS

Purple and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

Violet

CLASS ENROLLMENT

James Anderson.	Hilda Geiseking
Joyce Boggs	Francis Harter
Roy Bumgerdner	Helen Harter
Robert Coulter	Ruth Hawk
Mary Bear	Dorothy Jackson
Virginia Carriager	Mildred Jackson
David Deem	Clarence Konger
Geraldine Egolf	Freda Leitch
Grethel Egolf	Lena Sible
Mary Franks	Peter Lemish
Arthur Felgar	Mary Miller
Isabelle Nickey	Ray McBride
Robert Pence	Elizabeth Shew
Charles Rindfusz	George Shealy
Mollie Renkenberger	Grace Summers
Allen Shively	Ross Trump



CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

James Anderson — A Bachelor
 Mary Bear — "I don't believe I know"
 Joyce Boggs — Hard work always pays.
 Roy Bumgardner — Studious.
 Robert Coulter — "I pick my friends"
 Virginia Carriger — "Crops."
 David Deem — Bashful but brave
 Geraldine Egolf — Sweet tempered.
 Grethel Egolf — "Lend me your comb."
 Arthur Felgar — "Felix," woman hater.
 Mary Esther Franks — Freshman songster.
 Hilda Geiseking — Saucy and neat
 Ruth Hart — Coquettish.
 Ruth Hawk — Short and sweet.
 Frances Harter — He has a "Webster" of his own.
 Helen Harter — Shy and bashful.
 Dorothy Jackson — All business.
 Mildred Jackson — "I'm interested in every one except myself."
 Clarence Konger — Percy.
 Freda Leitch — "I don't understand."
 Peter Lemish — Sainly.
 Mary Miller — Shy and slim.
 Ray McBride — "Webster is my friend."
 Isabelle Nickey — She scores highly in conduct.
 Robert Pence — Hates Botany.
 Charles Rindefusz — Big appetite.
 Mollie Renkenberger — Slow but sure.
 Allen Shively — Good looking.
 Elizabeth Shew — Awkward.
 George Shealy — Speedy.
 Lena Sible — Mischievous
 Grace Summers — "I'm trying."
 Ross Trump — A young lawyer.

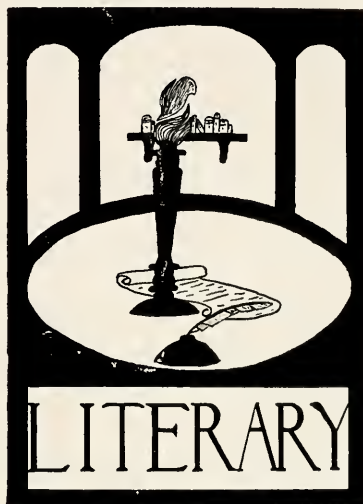
THE HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

ONCE upon a time there was a group of small children whose parents sent them through the forest of Freshman Difficulties to see their grandmother Success who lived in the hut of knowledge.

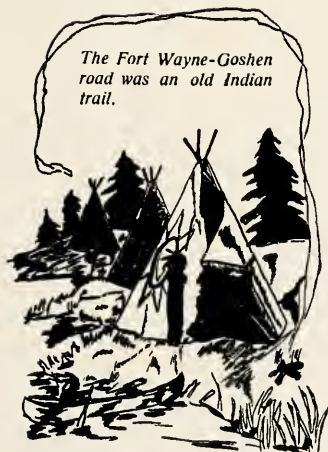
Armed with baskets they were requested by their parents to gather the fruits of Botany, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Arithmetic and English, which they were to present to their grandmother Success at the end of the journey.

Half way through the woods they were terrified when they beheld a wolf of failure in the distance. The wolf spied the children and came rushing to them. The children ran, stumbling over stones of correction and bumping into English and Arithmetic trees. Just as the wolf was attacking three of the children who were always lagging behind, a woodchopper came and slew the wolf with his pointer and text.

The little ones went on peacefully until they were within sight of their grandmother's dooryard. Just in front of grandmother Success's house there was a stream. This was called Examination Creek, all but four of the travelers were across when another wolf that had been following the children during the entire journey then leaped into view. In order to escape the wolf these four jumped into the river. Then the chief of the woodchoppers, having heard the cries, rushed out of the forest and frightened the wolf away. The children in the stream were fatigued and seemed in danger of drowning. One of them had gone under the water the third time when the man seized some promotion cards and threw them in the creek. The drowning children grasped them eagerly and by them were able to pull themselves to shore and they all ran to kiss their grandmother Success.



*The Fort Wayne-Goshen
road was an old Indian
trail.*



When this appears before your eyes,
 Don't let your angry passions rise,
 Angry people sometimes choke,
 Therefore, take this as a joke.
 And if you are inclined to fuss,
 Control yourself and pity us.
 Lois Summers

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

FAR OUT in the plains of Texas, many miles from any house, there stood a mansion furnished with everything one could want to make life pleasant, but it had one fault. It was haunted. This wonderful house belonged to an aged man who was very wealthy. He had lived in this house with his two sons and many servants, all of whom stayed but one week.

The same day the old man moved out of the house there happened along the road six of the most fearless cattlemen in Texas. These men wanted to stay over night and finding no one at home, went in the house and took possession. About ten o'clock as the men were playing cards, three knocks were heard. The men looked at one another. One of the men said, "Come in." Then something strange happened. The three doors which opened into the room, seeming to have been broken from their hinges, fell crashing inward. The men at once examined the doors and found that the screws had been taken from the hinges which therefore allowed the doors to be pushed inward easily.

The visitors now knew why no one lived in the house, and they planned to trap the ghost.

The men once more played cards but hardly had they started when the clock an old fashioned one, began to strike. The clock was one which stood about eight feet high. As the clock struck, one of the doors opened and a white object took a step. It was ten o'clock and the white object took ten steps and stood still.

The men sat still also.

Next they heard the rattle of chains coming down the stairs. Finally there came another white object from the stair door, and this thing had chains attached.

When the latter came to the table the two started around the table expecting the men to flee but not so. One man caught hold of his gun and shot the first of the strange figures. The other needed no shooting, but at once took off his cover.

The ghosts were a man and his son who wished to get possession of the house.

—Clarence McGuire

* * *

INDIAN REVENGE

FAR ACROSS the desert could be seen an Indian hastily making his way southward. He was dressed in the Indian garb of the desert. He was young, handsome and strongly built.

Following close on his heels was what looked to be a dog, but after a second glance the massive chest, tawny color, and long savage face of the giant wolf of the desert were noticed.

This young Indian had hunted seven years for the man who had killed his father and brother over a gambling debt, which these two Indians had owed him for some length of time. He had solemnly vowed that when he caught him he would be killed by the slowest and most torturous method ever invented.

He had nearly caught up with him on this day and was planning to overtake him by night-fall. However, night came and the young Indian did not get a glimpse of the man he was after. He decided to pitch camp at the first suitable place. He chose a place beside a sand dune and made camp.

He arose the next morning and prepared to move on when he happened to glance over the dune. There on the other side of the dune, with his face to the ground where he had fallen and died of thirst, lay the man he had hunted so long.

The desert with her awful beauty, heat and lack of water, had beaten him to his revenge. After thinking how long he had hunted for this man and the tragic death of his father and brother, it threw him into an awful fury that he should be cheated of his revenge. He cursed the desert and everything living upon it and giving the body a savage kick, turned and retraced his steps toward the land of his people.

—Harrold Rapp

THE WIDOW AND THE BOY

MRS. Tomkins was a widow and was very old and very poor. She lived alone poorly furnished, but she could afford no better. It was all she could do to with her dog, Shep, in a small cabin on the slope of a mountain. It was earn enough money to buy food and fuel.

She earned her money by knitting. She seldom invited her friends to visit her because of her poorly furnished home.

One evening she was sitting in her only chair, knitting, as was her custom, when Shep, who was outside, began to bark.

"He's probably barking at the moon," thought Mrs. Tomkins, "for who could be coming to visit me at this hour?" So she continued to knit.

Presently, however, she heard a knock at the door, and when she hobbled to open it, a young boy stepped in. He declined the chair, which the widow offered him seeing that it was the only one, sat on the floor instead, placing the sack which he had been carrying, at his side.

"Is there anything I can do for you, my boy?" asked the widow.

"I am very cold," answered the boy.

"I would gladly start a fire, but I have no wood," replied the widow.

The boy thought awhile and looked around the room. He then picked up his sack, turned it upside down and shook it. Wood began to fall from it, which he took to start a fire. It was soon burning brightly, and the widow and the boy were both getting warm. When he was warm he said, "I am hungry."

"There is no food in the house," answered the widow.

The boy shook his sack a second time, and out fell all good things to eat. He set them on the table and asked the widow to help eat them.

"This is a poor house in which to eat such a good dinner," said Mrs. Tomkins.

The boy shook his sack again, and out fell new walls and ceilings for the house, also two new chairs and a table. They then ate the dinner.

Mrs. Tomkins looked around but the boy was gone. Everything was as usual—she had been dreaming. Her knitting had fallen to the floor and Shep was asleep.

—Lois Stockert

FRESHMAN SPIRIT AT C. H. S.

ONE dark and stormy day a Freshman boy stood at the entrance of the school house. He looked as if he didn't care whether he went inside or not. His cap was pulled down over his eyes and his teeth were clenched together like every boys when he is angry. His hands were crammed down into the side pockets of his trousers as far as they would go and by the look on his face it seemed as if he was angry enough to eat nails.

The unhappy freshman had not remained standing in this position long, when a happy-go-lucky, Sophomore came around the corner whistling and acting as happy as a lark.

"Hello, Jimmy! What's the matter and why so sober a face?" asked the Sophomore.

"Well," said Jimmy, "We're going to have a test today and I haven't my lessons and also I've got to go down to the office for playing hookey. Oh, I don't know what all. Guess I'll quit school."

"Oh, that's not much," replied the Sophomore, "If that's all that's worrying you, you had better come on in the school house."

"Say, do you know little John Jones?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes," answered the Sophomore. "Why?"

"Well, if I ever get a chance I'm going to give him one of the worst beatings he ever had!"

"What has he done to you?" asked the Sophomore who could do no more than ask questions.

"Well," pouted Jimmy after a long sigh, "he stole my girl."

—Clyde Zolman

COURTIN'

WHEN Widow Perkins saw Widower Parsons coming down the road, she looked as very angry.

"William Henry," she called to the lank youth chopping wood. "You've worked hard enough for one day. Come in and rest."

"Guess that's the first time you ever thought I needed a rest since I was born. I'll keep right on chopping wood till you get through 'cepting Old Hull," he replied, while the widow slammed the door, and looked twice as angry as before.

"Morning, Widdy," remarked the widower stalking into the room, taking a chair without an invitation, and hanging his hat on his knee. "Cold day," he added cheerfully.

The widow nodded shortly, at the same time inwardly hoping a still colder day for him.

"Been buyin' a new cow," resumed the caller impressively.

"Have, eh?" returned the widow, with a jerk, bringing out the ironing board and slamming it down on the table.

"An' two hogs," went on the widower, wishing the widow would look at him just once and see how affectionate he looked. "They'll make pork enough for all next winter and spring."

"Will, eh?" responded the widow, with a bang of the iron that nearly wrecked the table.

"An'-a-a lot o' odd things 'round the house, an' the fact is, widdy, you see that is, you know-was going to say if you'll agree—," the widower stopped here in his embarrassment, hung his hat on the other knee, and hitched a trifle nearer the ironing board.

"No, Hull Parsons, I don't see a single mite, nor I don't know a particle, an' I ain't argeein' the least bit," snapped the widow, pounding the creases out of the table cloth.

"But say, Widdy, don't get riled so soon," again ventured Parsons. "I was jest goin' to tell you that I've been proposin' to carpenter Brown to build a new—"

By this time the widow was glancing at him in a way he wished she wouldn't.

"Is that all the proposin' you've done in the last five months, Hull Parsons?" she demanded, "you ain't ask every old maid five miles around to marry you, Hull Parsons? An' you didn't tell the last one you proposed to that if she didn't take you, there would be only one more chance left—that old pepper-box of a Widow Perkins? You didn't say that, now, did you, Hull Parsons?" and the widow's eyes and voice snapped fire all at once.

The caller turned several different shades of red and realized that he had struck the biggest snag that he'd ever struck in any courtin' career, past or present. He laughed violently for a second or two, tried to hang his hat on both knees at once and finally lowered his voice to an undertone.

"Now, Widdy, that's the woman's way of puttin' it. They've been jealous of you all 'long for they knew where my mind was set. I wouldn't married one o' them women fer nothin'," added the widower, with another hitch toward the ironing board.

"Huh!" responded the widow, losing a trifle of her war-like looks. "S'pose all o' them women hadn't refused you, Hull Parsons, then what?"

"They didn't refuse me, Widdy," returned the widower, trying to look sheepish and dropping his voice an octave lower. "S'pose I hadn't oughter tell on 'em, but—er—can you keep a secret, Widdy?"

"I ain't like the woman who can't," remarked the widow.

"Well, then I was the one who did the refusin'—the hull gang went for me 'cause 'twas leap year or they was tryin' on some of them new women's ways, or somethin' like that. But my mind was set all 'long, d'y'e see, widdy?"

And the Widow Perkins invited Widower Parsons to stay to dinner, because she thought she saw.

—Erma Heiniger

INMATES OF THE CLASS ROOM

"MY, how lonesome up here. How does it happen that you came over here?"
 "I haven't seen you for a long time."

"Well you see that man in the grey suit had to have something to sit on while he read so he brought me over here; but isn't this the quietest place you ever saw? I wish we could be taken down those steps over there and into a room where I have seen many of my friends who always seem to be enjoying themselves. They sit so close to each other they can easily talk."

"Hush, here comes a man as if he had a purpose, of course he always has but I believe—yes, we are going down into the room. My, what a noise they make, I'll bet they have a wonderful time."

"My goodness, I'll bet they don't because look how straight and stiff my friends, the dark chairs are. Gracious me, they are fastened together, its no wonder they don't enjoy themselves."

"Well, listen now, you know the scholars who come in here are always attentive and always leave their chairs just as they find them."

"The chairs in the next room are more informal. They seem to spend their time moving about, and in deep conversation over the person that sits in them. Listen, let us hear what they have to say."

"My, but I do get abused. You know that smallest boy. Well, he just scoots around in me until I feel seasick."

"Oh, that's nothing. That boy that sits in me won't sit still five minutes and he and that girl just whisper until I can't talk to you during that period."

"Listen to the next row, how they enjoy having the Juniors come in and sit down, they are all saying how well they behave during class time."

"Let's go in Junior English class, for I think the chairs have more to gossip about because the chairs are not on their best behavior."

"Now the first five chairs are bragging about how still they sit during this period."

"Oh, I just think this period is the most peaceful time in my life, and just see how evenly we are arranged, but still we can carry on our conversation in a moderately low voice and still hear each other."

"Well," says the sixth, "I sometimes enjoy myself and sometimes I am moved about considerably."

"My," says the seventh to the eighth, "You are always running your elbow into my side, and trying to get your chair closer to mine until I have't room to breathe in."

"Well," says the eighth chair, "that ninth chair keeps pushing me until I can't help it if I do."

"Listen to the second row what a fuss they are having."

"I know I behave the best because I always sit even and straight after classes."

"Well, I won't believe you because this is the best row and we are all equal when it comes to behavior."

"Well, anyway the woman who is in this room most of the time sure keeps our chairs under control; the other day she jerked me around by the ear, including a few more of us, until we have all tried since to stay in order with the help of the pupils."

"There is company in the assembly and we are needed, so we will have to leave these class rooms."

"I don't care what you think, but I prefer the quiet of the assembly to the uproar of the class-rooms."

—Francis Duncan

HOW I CAME TO C. H. S.

DURING the fall of 1922, while digging potatoes, or rather loafing on the job, for I was sitting on an extra large heap of loose dirt which had been thrown out by the potato plow with as large a portion of my feet as possible shoved into the very bottom of the furrow, I reached into my pocket for my knife, after I had become tired of tormenting a toad with a weed, and found some loose corn grains. These I threw carelessly down at my feet and continued my day dreaming, when suddenly there came from the other end of the patch the deep voice of my father; "Say Sonny, if you'll work hard and get these "taters" out this evening, we'll go a-fishin' tomorrow."

Well this had quite an inspiring effect upon me. I struggled to loosen my feet from the furrow, and as I did so I saw the loose corn grains buried in the loose dirt and I really did feel sorry for an old rooster standing only a few feet away, awaiting the feast he thought was sure to come when I had left.

It was no time until the potatoes were all dug, the chores done, supper over and I was in bed dreaming of that happy land far up into the skies where there are no potatoes to dig. It seemed no time until father called at four in the morning for the third and last time, and I jumped out of bed into my trousers wrong side out of course. I changed them and started to do the morning chores on the gallop.

The first thing to do was water the calves in the meadow by the potato patch. Upon coming in view of this patch, I was never more dumbfounded and amused in my life, for straight up into the heavens shot a stalk of corn with a body as large as a tree and blades in proportion. This, I was forced to believe, came from the corn I had thrown from my pocket the day before, for it came from the identical spot where I had been sitting and day-dreaming.

Like a fool, the first thing I did was to run and try to climb the huge stalk. Going up was easy, for the stalk grew with such rapidity that I was unable to climb down as fast as it grew up. Naturally, the first thing I did was to call for Dad with all my might. He soon appeared around the corner of the house and seeing my position, ran for the ax. This he soon found and hastened to my assistance. He did his best to fell the stalk, but could not, for after striking one blow, before he could strike the second, the impression of the first was far above him. By this time I was far up from the ground and I yelled as hard as I could to him; "Meet me in Heaven, Dad, where potatoes and corn do not grow." I heard him in a weak, faint voice reply, "May God bless you and keep you. Goodbye." These were the last words I could hear and as I went up, up, up, he grew smaller and smaller and finally appeared as a speck and then no more. The houses could be seen but they rapidly faded from view, and nothing but a dark blurred outline of the earth's surface was visible. Finally this disappeared, and I was lost, a wonder boy from earth and home.

"Up and Onward" was an old school motto I learned and I thought I was surely fulfilling it. Talk about "Water, water everywhere." That had lost its charm to "Nothing, nothing anywhere, but corn, corn, corn." This ran through my mind as I sat on a broad blade facing the huge stalk thinking of all my sins and good deeds and to tell the truth I thought of so many sins that I felt there had surely been a mistake somewhere and I was going in the wrong direction.

I sat there and meditated for hours, in fact, until it became dark and I became so sleepy that I sank down in a heap into a deep sleep, tightly wedged between the cornstalk and the blade.

During the night the stalk must have fallen, for the next morning when I awoke I found myself enrolled for my Sophomore year at C. H. S. and I shall always attribute the horrible shaking of my knees, when I appeared before the principal, to my fearful and daring experience.

—Clyde Zolman

THE SEEKER

OVER wide rivers, rocky mountains, and turbulent seas, to the beautiful island "In the woods are beautiful animals with fur that will bring much wealth," Success, Ambition leads the Seeker.

urged the mountain of Hunting and Trapping, in the days when the seeker was wondering whether he would try the perilous journey through high school or leave school behind him forever. "Come take me as your god as so many have done. All day you may walk the peaceful forest aisles, and cares will be forgotten in some cosy trapper's lodge where respectable clothes and consideration for other people are not necessary."

"Some people may find happiness there," muttered the Seeker, "but think of the trapper with his slow uncouth speech, tobacco stained teeth, and strong smelling pipe. No, I will not come."

"You're young Be a live one " insisted the sea of Pleasure in the Seekers high school days. "What is the need of studying when you can bluff your way through. Look at the pleasure-goer. What a life of pleasure and ease he enjoys. Candy and smoking are favorite ways of showing his independence, since they are forbidden by the basket ball coach. Come! Let's go to a theatre and afterward dance. If we can manage there will be whiskey. Don't be a piker."

"No, the pleasure-goer's face is pale and his eyes are dull," refused the Seeker. "Even though he gets through school he will never have that feeling of joyous aliveness that comes with true health and a brain that is alert."

"Oh, follow me," sang the gay river of Dance in his college years. "Come with me to the green meadow of Rhythm. There you will forget the tiring strained day of work which leads to success. Your nights I shall fill with music and your days with dreaming."

"Mere dreams and music will lead to nothing but destruction," wearily said the Seeker. Then he whispered. "How easy to yield. But no, the easy way is not the best. How often have I heard it?"

Then came the beautiful island Success with its trees of promise fulfilled, saying "I hold all in life that is satisfactory. I am for the few who recognize me from afar; those who build their lives with the view of some day possessing my wealth. You are one of the few whom success will not pass by."

"Yes, I am almost satisfied," answered the Seeker. "I am as content as any one can expect to be who strives always for something a little better."

Only faintly had the Seeker heard the island of Success. So gradually had he won his goal that he did not recognize it clearly when he had reached it.

—Rossie Duncan

A STRANGE DREAM

ONE evening I came home from school very tired since the day had seemed unusually dull and my lessons had been especially tiresome. I took a story book and sat down by the window to read it, but before I had read one story I had fallen asleep and I had a very strange dream.

I was thinking how much money it took to keep me in food and clothing and just then I happened to think how nice it would be if money only grew on trees. Suddenly I glanced out of the window and there to my surprise were all the fruit trees, covered with clusters of bills running from one dollar to ten dollars. I hurried outside and began picking and, of course, I picked the large bills first. I picked and picked until my pockets were filled and I had all I could carry in both arms.

Immediately after I had picked my money, I hurried up town and entered the first dry goods store with the intention of buying a new suit of clothes. As I entered the store I was told by a small boy that the owner had taken in a fortune that morning and that he would no longer sell clothes.

This made me very angry but I thought I would go to the restaurant and get something to eat as it was near dinner time. On arriving at the restaurant I noticed a sign which read like this:—"No meals served to-day. I have all the money I want." I turned sadly away and went to the nearest grocery store.

When I reached the grocery store the owner was just locking the door. I told him I wanted something to eat. He only said he didn't need the money and he had retired for life.

By this time I had become so tired and hungry, I didn't know what to do to get home. At last I thought I would take the first street car and go home. I waited at the station for some time and then I asked when the street car started.

The engineer replied, "Not at all, we have all the money we can handle now and we are going fishing this afternoon."

I soon awoke and began thinking what a silly dream I had had and if I concluded I would rather the money would grow on one fruit tree in our own yard and not on all the trees in every man's yard. I was very glad this was only a dream.

—Mabel Wade

* * *

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

FOR many days robbery had been committed in the neighborhood. Because of the slyness of the thief the authorities had not as yet apprehended him. To make his capture more certain, a large reward had been offered.

One night I was forced to stay at home alone due to the fact that my mother was visiting in Fort Wayne and my father had gone to town expecting to be back early.

I went to bed early that night and slept soundly for some time. All at once I was awake and staring into the blackness of the night. I knew that something had awakened me.

Listening, I heard the creak of the stairs and knew that some one was coming.

Into my mind flashed the thought of the burglar and simultaneously came the thought of the large reward offered. I at once decided to get that reward if possible; but upon second thought I decided it was a rather dangerous affair.

Finally, however, I conquered my fears and crept softly out of bed and to the head of the stairs. I could make out a dark blotch in the gloom, silently coming up the stairs. This was the burglar!

All at once the floor gave way under me. I instantly realized I had stepped off of the stairs. I lost my balance and fell head long down the stairs. I hit the thief and he went with me. We hit the door at the bottom of the stairs with a crash.

Suddenly the thief struck a match and exclaimed, "What's the big idea, Howard?" It was none other than my father.

"Why - - - Why," I stammered, "I thought you were the burglar."

—Howard Nickey

JUST A JUNIOR SCHOOL DAY

“**H**URRY up Helen the last bell's ringin' and I'm afraid we'll never make it if we don't run.”
 “Oh, yes we will, don't worry. Really I think that was only the five minute bell.”

“It was the last one, but wait a minute 'till I powder my nose. Say you gotta' comb? May I use it? Good night my hair's a perfect sight today.”

“Well, I can't even find a nail to hang my coat on, but here goes mine right over someone else's. I should worry what they say.”

“Yes, I'm coming, we're about a minute late now and thank our lucky stars we will have devotional exercises this morning instead of listening to Mr. Hunts' lectures on tardiness.”

After the morning exercise, Mr. Leaman rang the bell and classes passed. For most of the Juniors the first period is supposed to be a study period, but if Mr. Hunt isn't walking the floor continually and watching us, it turns out to be a comedy and all of us are Harrold Lloyds and Charlie Chaplins, entertaining ourselves and bothering those who really want to study, such as Howard Nickey and Albert Heiniger.

“I didn't prepare any of my lessons yesterday and now I've got to get three in one period. Shaw, I never think any further than my nose.”

Oh, yes, we have about Milton, Bunyan and Dryden for English to-day and to tell you the truth I believe I read around this locality of my text book about a month ago so I'll lay it aside, hoping for the best and expecting the worst. Now, for my history! I certainly will be glad when we finish those Napoleon wars, but I must study the battle of Leipzig or I'll meet my Waterloo.

My there goes the bell and I haven't glanced at my Physical Geography. Well, if I don't have my lesson, surely I won't be lonesome.”

(Going to class)

“Ruth, have you got your lessons?”

“No, Mo, I never have my lessons!”

But I knew all the time that she wouldn't go to class without them prepared perfectly.

(Seated in class)

“I wonder where Mrs. Hunt is? Oh, here comes our Queen Elizabeth. I hope she doesn't send me back to the Assembly because of my poorly prepared lessons. “Give me the life of Dryden.” Well, I'll put up my hand but I hope she doesn't call on me. My, I'm lucky, Bessie answered it in detail and no more questions will be asked on him.

“If Frank and Neva do not stop whispering, perhaps Mrs. Hunt will catch 'em then, Oh, Min! Gee, Albert Heniger is slow. I believe Guy Frazier could give the Gettysburg Address while he is getting ready to recite.”

“What is the best work of Milton? of Bunyan?” asked Mrs. Hunt pointing to me.

Lucky the bell rang and saved my life for I couldn't have answered her question. Considering myself rather lucky I passed to History class.

As usual, we all have our lessons until Mr. Hunt calls on us, and then three fourths of us refuse by saying, “I don't know,” and the rest, bluffing their way, stumble on to the right answer.

“Now you all know how much time I spent on my Physical Geography so I would hardly be expected to have a well prepared lesson. I just hope something happens so that I won't have to recite.” Sure enough my prayer was answered, Mr. Smith and Sam Grey got into a deep argument about winds, which was Greek to the rest of us, and then argued till the bell rang.

Dismissed, we walked quietly out of the building like wild Indians, home for dinner, then returned to that educational prison.

The first two periods in the afternoon we spend in studying, day-dreaming, note-writing, whispering and sleeping. "I just must write a note to Frances, of course it is a business note and I'm sure Mr. Smith doesn't care if we pass that kind. He's over at the dictionary, now's my chance to throw my note. Oh, it fell on the floor as he turned and noticing my guilty look, he started right down the aisle. What shall I do?" By instinct, I put my foot on the note and Mr. Smith passed on as usual. As classes passed I wondered what next would happen, but to save the teacher some unpleasant words I decided to get my Algebra.

(Seated in Algebra class)

"You may pass to the board and take this problem."

"Do you multiply or add exponents in this problem? Have I got all the steps in correctly? These are a few questions that buzzed over the class room in a whisper.

"Try and be more quiet at the board, folks, there is entirely too much commotion," said Mr. Smith.

For a few minutes all were as quiet as mice, but our class was too full of life to let quietness and peace last.

"This is no place to draw comical pictures, Ellsworth, pay more attention to your Algebra."

After the bell rang, we passed into the Assembly to study one more period. Albert is getting called down again. I wonder what he has done now?

My, has someone a revolver here? No, Clyde and Frank were playing with a ruler and it broke. How shocking! There goes the last bell, at last we're free from lessons until tomorrow.

"Be sure to come to the game to-night and help beat Monroeville by yelling," said Mr. Hunt as Mr. Leaman rang the bell, dismissing us for the day.

—Lois Summers

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

GRANDMA COOKE was a dainty sweet old lady, who lived in a tiny brown cottage on the out-skirts of a small town. Grandma is said to have had many peculiar characteristics, but the oldest one of these was her craving for lemon drops, and her dislike for peppermint drops. Oh, yes Grandma had an extraordinary dislike for peppermint drops. But on top of all of her queer ways was unselfishness, and fear that she might hurt somebody's feelings.

Grandma, strange to say, had forty-nine grandchildren, each of which tried to be the best little grandchild by complying with every wish of Grandmother.

One day, one of the grandchildren, Mary Jane, paid her weekly visit to the tiny cottage of dear Grandma.

While talking together, Grandma accidentally told Mary Jane that she loved peppermint drops. A slight mistake you say. But don't forget; "A mountain can be developed out of a mole-hill."

Mary Jane was so delighted at this new wish of Grandma's, that she told all the others. Soon all forty-nine knew Grandma's favorite sweet was peppermint drops.

At least one grandchild visited Grandma every day, so she would not become lonesome. Now to win her favor each one, when they came to see her, brought her a box of peppermint drops.

Poor Grandma. She would sit in her rocker with a box of peppermint drops and talk to the dear grandchildren while she consumed large numbers of the disliked candies and praise the child's taste in bringing such delicious candies. He would grin and promise to bring another box the next time he came, and Grandma's heart would sink, but she said not a word for fear of hurting his feelings, as was her nature.

Finally after nine years of nothing but peppermint drops, day in and day out, Grandma lay on her death bed. All forty nine grandchildren were present, each grieved beyond words. Every minute might be the last. Suddenly she raised a feeble hand and made a plaintive cry. Someone came running over to dear Grandma's bed and quickly dropped a peppermint drop into her mouth, and she turned over and died with a groan.

—Cathrine Newhouse.

ARTHUR'S HUNT

ARTHUR CLAXTON was returning from a freshman class party one Friday night. It was rather late and Arthur felt that he would like to sleep late in the morning. He also wanted to take his new Winchester rifle and go hunting. The hunting idea was predominant and so he set his alarm clock for four o'clock. He hastened to bed and was soon sleeping soundly.

When morning came Arthur jumped from his bed without waking his parents. He hurriedly ate a cold breakfast. After this he took his rifle and with plenty of cartridges, started on across fields to a woods about two miles distant. He climbed many fences and was warm by the time he got to the woods.

Upon entering the woods he looked to see if he had plenty of bullets in the chamber of his gun. Having found that he had plenty of bullets he said, "Now for a couple of rabbits."

Now and then as he went on he paused and listened. Not a sound broke the solitude. Arthur searched the tree tops with his eyes, seeking the small red bodies of the squirrels. He noticed that in the sky were large clouds. In a short time the snow began to fall. Arthur was dismayed. "This ends my hunt," he said, "But I'll go a little farther anyway." By the time he had gone a quarter of a mile farther, the snow was so thick he could not see very far.

He turned to go home but soon lost his way for he ran into briars and trees. "Well I surely am in a predicament," he said. He walked on seeking shelter from the snow. As he was stumbling along, a rabbit jumped out of a near by bush and darted away. "I'd have got that one if it had not been for the snow," he said. He became cold and damp as the snow increased. "If it would just stop snowing," he mumbled. He looked up to see if there were any signs of the storm abating. As he did this he tripped and fell heavily to the ground. He lay motionless for a few moments and the snow nearly enveloped him. He knew no one would hear him but he yelled. "Help! Help!"

A woman's voice was heard and then—, "Arthur! What's the matter? The snow is blowing in all over your bed. Why didn't you put the window down when it began snowing?"

—Lincoln Klemm

* * *

MY TROUBLES IN WRITING A THEME

WHEN our English instructor assigned a theme for our lesson just after Christmas vacation, everyone groaned. Why, oh why, did she have to do that? That ment work during vacation.

Inquiries were made among the Seniors as to what every one was going to write about and no one received a very satisfactory reply, for the simple reason that no one knew what they intended to write.

Some one said they would not write any, because vacation was supposed to be a vacation from school work. Those who really thought they ought to write one, wondered if they might be able to neglect it if the others could. But fearing the bold ones would change their minds they decided it would be better to be on the safe side and do as they were requested.

I worried about my theme a tiny part of each day and when I would read a good story I would suddenly remember and wonder if I couldn't write something like that. Then I would forget all about it until I was busy with something else.

One evening I sat down and tried my hand at a literary masterpiece but after finishing one and part of another I gave up the idea that I could write anything worth reading and threw my evening's work into the fire.

Nearing the close of vacation, I lay awake one night and wondered what I could possibly write for my theme. I thought of nearly everything but thought of nothing which I could write.

Finally, after puzzling for perhaps ten minutes, a brilliant idea came to my mind. It was to tell my troubles in writing a theme.

Before the next day I had forgotten this plan and after inquiring of everyone that I saw, someone very opportunely suggested the title which I had thought of the night before. With a relieved sigh I sat down and wrote my theme, finishing it after twenty minutes of writing.

Just as I had nearly finished this task I suddenly remembered that we were supposed to write an outline. Of course I should have written it first but having forgotten it, I did it afterwards and it did just as well. After some worry on this I wrote one which, it is expected, will be returned to be written over.

Just a half hour's work and a week's worry is what it takes to write a theme. I'll have to remember for the next time, then it won't be so hard.

—Grace Flowers

* * *

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CLASS OF '24

WE, the class of '24 of C. H. S., town of Churubusco, County of Whitley, state of Indiana, U. S. A., somewhere between the north pole and the south, in our own estimation of sound mind and a forget-it-not memory with a morbid feeling that "weary s'ven nights nine times nine we shall dwindle, peak and pine," and, "in a ditch we shall abide with twenty trenched gashes in our sides" hereby make this as, and for our last will and testament revoking all other wills heretofore made.

Section I.

Item I.

To our trustee, Mr. Pressler, we do bequeath a round trip ticket to all basket ball games in the year 1924 and '25 with the hope that his favorite team may win.

Section II.

Item I.

To the highly intellectual but no less timid Juniors, we will our standards of high ideals and the special Senior privilege of exchanging shoes in time of school.

Item II.

To the noisy, but extraordinarily ambitious Sophomores, we will the responsibility of co-operating with the class of '25 in their earnest endeavors in Seniordom.

Item III.

To our dear, verdant Freshmen, we will our sympathy for their trials and tribulations through which they have passed in their first year of high school and to them we will our sincere wishes for their future success.

Section III.

To the individual members of the faculty, the class of '24, makes the following bequeaths:

Item I.

To Mr. Leigh L. Hunt, our Principal and Faculty Advisor, we will our thanks and appreciation for the interest he has shown in our Senior Functions, especially, the Senior Play.

Item II.

To Mrs. Ruth Van Natta Hunt, we will our gratefulness for the manner in which she co-operated in the supervision of this book.

Item III.

To Mr. J. Roy Smith, we do bequeath our appreciation for his help in the publication of this book, and the privilege of keeping next year's Senior's in Physics class from 9 to 12 A. M.

Item IV.

To Miss Katie Paige, we will our thanks for the manner in which she has instructed the girls of the high school in the culinary arts, which at some future date may carry them victoriously through many domestic storms.

Item V.

To Mr. Paul Leaman we do bestow our admiration for his co-operative idea of combining the art and manual training departments in the production of lamps and trays.

Item VI.

To Miss Lillian Couchman, we bequeath our thanks for her co-operation in the activities of the school, which range from coaching basket ball to directing Grand Opera.

Section IV.

The individual members of the Senior class make the following bequeaths to wit:

- I, Joe Weaver, do hereby will all my canes to Arlo Gump.
- I, Bob Benward, do hereby bequeath my fondness for red haired girls to Jim Deck.
- I, Bill Fullam, do hereby bestow my sunny disposition upon Ross Trump, and my sheik hair cut to Charles Rindfusz.
- I, Francis Harter, do will my extra avoirdupois to Henry Boggs.
- I, Arthur Smith, do will my freckles to Ralph King.
- I, Paul Grawcock, do beaueath my ability to bluff the teachers to Albert Heiniger.
- I, Harold Rapp, do will my extra height to Guy Frazier.
- I, Gertrude Madden, do bestow my position on the basket ball team to Dorothy Jackson.
- I, Charles Brubaker, do will my jar of Stacomb to Peter Lemmish.
- I, Dorothy Sprouls, do hereby bequeath my ability to whisper to Evalyn Raypole.
- I, Truman Krider, bequeath my weakness for the fair sex to Frank Flowers.
- I, Virginia Carter, will my love for concentrated study and deep thought to Neva Herron.
- I, Bernice Gordon, hereby bestow my sweet and quiet nature upon Grethel Egolf.
- I, Grace Flowers, will my immense stature to Ella Ott.
- I, Jay Whan, bestow my fondness for reading periodicles during school hours to Clyde Zolman.
- I, Cedric Veazey, do will my skill to draw cartoons to the succeeding art editor.
- I, Florence King, do hereby bequeath my never ceasing flow of convesation to Grace Summers.
- I, Ralph Thompson do hereby bestow my curly hair upon Harold Abbott.
- I, Ray Barcus, do hereby bequeath my desire to always be on the side of the minority to Estyl Landis.
- I, Wm. Van Meter, bequeath my surplus store of day dreams to Carl Beamer.
- I, Bernice Deem, bestow my regard for faithfulness (to one Senior) to Katherine Newhouse.
- I, Samuel Gray, do bestow my record of perfect attendance upon Kenneth Krider.
- I, Lilah Olinger, will my conscientiousness to Charles Van Meter.

Section V.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seal, this twenty-fifth day of April in the year of our Lord, 1924.

Signed Class of '24.

Attest:

Harry Thomas
George Kichler



MUSICALE AND CANTATA

A Musicale and Cantata was given by the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs at the Methodist Church, November 12, 1923. Preparation for the entertainment was begun on the first of the year and continued until the time it was given.

Those people who were present on the evening of the programme were greatly pleased with it and many compliments were received by the participants of the affair. But who can say they did not deserve every bit of it, when for the last two or three weeks every morning before school and many evenings after school were devoted to preparation besides the soloists' practicing in every spare moment that they had.

The Cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was certainly suited to the evening, because the wind blew hard and the rain poured down. Although it gave the cantata a good setting, the audience would have been much larger, and consequently the proceeds would have been greater had the evening been more pleasant.

The first part of the programme consisted of choruses, "Little Orphant Annie" and "Amaryllis" sung by the Girls' Glee Club, "Peggy" and "Gypsy Life" by the Boys' Glee Club and a song, "Heather Time," sung by both Glee Clubs. Miss Couchman surprised the participants of the musical as well as the audience by singing two selections. The surprise was a very pleasant one, however, and Miss Couchman must be congratulated on her singing, as well as her directing. The Orchestra played several selections during the evening. Neva Herron played a cornet solo, which added to the enjoyment.

During the intermission between the first and second parts of the programme, Mr. Smith and Miss Couchman succeeded in making more noise than the Glee Clubs by trying to keep them quiet.

The second part of the programme consisted only of the Cantata and selections by the orchestra.

All were sorry when the affair ended but anticipated enjoyment in working on the coming Operetta which they determined was to be a greater success, even than the Cantata.

OPERETTA. "THE GYPSY ROVER,"

SOLOISTS

Joseph Weaver — Rob, The GYPSY Rover.
 Mary Esther Franks — Lady Constance.
 William Fullam — Sir George Martindale.
 Evalyne Raypole — Nina and Zara.
 Truman Krider — Captain Jerome.
 Robert Benward — Sinfo.
 Arthur Smith — Marto.
 Grethel Egolf — Meg.
 Everett Jones — Lord Craven.
 George Shealy — Sir Toby Lyon.
 Robert Pence — McCorkle.
 Samuel Brateman — Lackey.

CHORUS

Charles Brubaker
 Ross Trump
 Roy Baumgartner
 Ray McBride
 Ernest Gross
 Mildred Jackson
 Pauline Johnson
 Elizabeth Shew
 Bernice Deem
 Grace Flowers
 Dorothy Jackson
 Ella Ort
 Virginia Carter
 Helen Harter

Guy Frazier
 Lincoln Klemm
 Robert Coulter
 Max Hammel
 Lena Sible
 Mildred Flowers
 Ruth Hawk
 Mildred Thompson
 Eva Herron
 Virginia Carriger
 Isabelle Nickey
 Erma Heineger
 Mary Diller

SYNOPSIS

Rob, who was stolen by his nurse, Meg, when he was a baby, is the lost Sir Gilbert Howe. He grows to manhood in the gypsy camp and is happy in telling the children stories, singing for them, trading horses, and telling fortunes.

Lady Constance and her party are lost in the woods, and find the camp of the gypsies. Constance is seen by Rob, and he, having fallen in love with her, says he will see her again.

Sinfo and Marto, gypsy burglars, steal into the home of Constance in London and rob the house. Shortly afterward Rob comes. Lord Craven who is the suitor of Constance sees him and causes him to be captured and placed in the bottomless pit.

Later, when Sir Gilbert Howe has been found, a hall is given in his honor and Constance finds that he is her Rob.

* * *

The Operetta was given at the Opera House March 21. It was a great success and showed that a great amount of preparation had been made. Miss Couchman's musical direction together with Mr. Hunt's dramatic coaching of this resulted in a very delightful entertainment. All who took part are to be congratulated on the success of the production that everyone greatly enjoyed.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY "Daddy Long-Legs"

The cast for "Daddy Long-Legs," the Senior class play was as follows:

Jervis Pendleton	Truman Krider
James McBride	Ralph Thompson
Cyrus Wykoff	Harold Rapp
Abner Parsons	Ray Barcus
Griggs	Paul Grawcock
Walters	Wm. Van Meter
Judy	Grace Flowers
Miss Prichard	Gertrude Madden
Mr. Pendleton	Samuel Gray
Julia Pendleton	Virgina Carter
Sallie McBride	Bernice Deem
Mr. Semple	Joe Weaver
Mr. Lippett	Robert Benward
Sadie Kate	Lilah Olinger
Gladiola	Nellie Jones
Loretta	Bernice Gordon
Mamie	Florence King
Freddie Perkins	Arthur Smith
Carrie	Bernice Gordon
Doctor	Arthur Smith
Silas Dawson	Jay Whan

The play was a charming comedy featuring conditions in an orphan asylum. While the little orphans gave a touch of pathos, the mischievous Freddie Perkins and the troubles of Judy, made it all delightfully entertaining. Judy was finally educated by Daddy Long-Legs, a benefactor whom she is not permitted to see until the end of the play.

BOY'S GLEE CLUB



ROLL

Joseph Weaver
William Fullam
Robert Benward
Truman Krider
Arthur Smith
Charles Brubaker
Ross Trump
Roy Baumgartner
Samuel Brateman

Everett Jones
George Shealy
Guy Frazier
Lincoln Klemm
Robert Pence
Robert Coulter
Ray McBride
Max Hammel
Earnest Gross

The Boys Glee Club has been voted a great success by everyone. It has played a big part in the musical activities of the High School. It has taken part in the Musicales and Cantata given December 12, and the Operetta, which was given March 21.

GIRL'S GLEE CLUB



ROLL

Mary Esther Franks
 Grethel Egolf
 Mildred Jackson
 Pauline Johnson
 Mildred Flowers
 Ruth Hawk
 Elizabeth Shew
 Bernice Deem
 Grace Flowers
 Lena Sible
 Mildred Thompson

Evalyne Raypole
 Eva Herron
 Virginia Carriger
 Dorothy Jackson
 Isabelle Nickey
 Ella Ott
 Erma Heiniger
 Virginia Carter
 Mary Diller
 Helen Harter

The Girls Glee Club has furnished a large part of the Music of C. H. S. and rival the Boys Glee Club in the amount of noise they make while practicing. The members have been participants in the Musicales and Cantata given December 12, and the Operetta which was given March 21.

ORCHESTRA



ROLL

Eva Herron
Evalyne Raypole
Charles Brubaker
George Shealy

Nellie Jones
Robert Coulter
Frank Moudy
Frances Shealy

Guy Frazier

The High School Orchestra has been quite a factor in the music furnished by the High School. It has been highly praised for its services in helping to make the Glee Club a success. It took part in the Musicale and Cantata given December 12, and also helped to bring about the success of the Operetta, which was given on March 21.

OLYMPIAN CLUB



FOR weeks our interest in Latin had been steadily growing. At last a climax was reached when Mrs. Hunt voiced our mute desires by suggesting a Latin club. Our first meeting was held November 23, 1923. The purpose of this club is to learn more about the old Roman ways and people, stimulate interest in Latin, and last but not least to provide entertainment. Of course, as our club is a Latin club, we could not be members with such names as John Jones and Jane Smith so each of our members took the names of a god or goddess from Roman mythology as his or her club name. In order to truly impersonate these gods and goddesses we are held accountable for their histories. The officers of the club represent the more important gods while the members must be content with the lesser personages.

Arlo Gump is president assisted by Mabel Hart as vice-president. Mildred Thompson was secretary but upon leaving, Rossie Duncan was elected.

The expenses of the meetings which are held once a month, are divided among the members instead of being paid as regular dues. Entertainment committees furnish Latin games and readings for the enlightenment and amusement of the gods and goddesses while the refreshment committee equally delight with food for the gods.

ROLL

Mildred McGuire
Mabel Wade
Nancy Wade
Thelma Hyndman
Erma Heiniger
Frances Duncan
Max Hammel
Charles VanMeter
Arlo Gump
Kenneth Krider
Mildred Thompson
Helen Beard
Katherine Newhouse

Eva Herron
Roxie Barcus
Ella Ott
Mabel Hart
Mildred Flowers
Mary Diller
Rossie Duncan
Guy Frazier
Clarence McGuire
Samuel Brateman
Lincoln Klemm
Harold Abbot
Estyl Landis

Mrs. Hunt

GIFT TO CHURUBUSCO HIGH SCHOOL

IT is only proper and fitting that we express within the leaves of this Annual our appreciation for the historic piece of apple tree which was presented to the Churubusco High School by Harry K. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas was requested to talk before the High School Assembly and since it was so near to General Robert E. Lee's birthday, he appropriately presented the school with a historic piece of the apple tree, under which General Lee stood when he delivered his farewell address to his confederate soldiers, wherein he informed them that he had just signed a surrender of the southern armies to General Ulysses S. Grant which terminated the struggle between the North and South.

The wood was given to Mr. Thomas by Franklin P. Loudy in 1923 and as Mr. Loudy was a captive of Lee's army he was an eye witness to this event and marveled at the loyalty displayed by the southerners toward their leader. After Lee's speech there was a general unrest among the soldiers, as they were no longer under military discipline, so to partially give outward expression of their feelings they tore up, root and branch, the tree under which their leader bade them farewell.

So much do we appreciate this gift that the manual training department has mounted it in a neat case and it now hangs in the archives of the assembly room as a historic remembrance of the close of the Civil War.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

THE year 1923-'24 in Churubusco High School has not been without its work in public speaking. During the second semester a small class in debating met once each week. Debates on current topics were held. An oratorical contest was held during the early part of April at which time cash prizes were awarded to the winners of first, second and third places. The winner of first place represented Churubusco in the County Oratorical Contest held in Columbia City, Saturday evening, April 26.

* * *

SOCIETY

THE OLD TEACHERS ENTERTAIN THE NEW

THE first social event of school life this fall was held at the school house Friday evening, October tenth, when the old teachers entertained the new. It was a get acquainted party and dignity was thrown to the winds.

The evening was begun with a "Yes and No" contest. Each person was given a dozen paper pumpkins and when one answered a question by "Yes" or "No," he was required to give one of the pumpkins to the questioner. Mr. Leaman succeeded in winning the most. It is thought that he won because he likes to ask questions so well.

Numerous other contests were held during the evening. The smelling contest was won by Mr. Leaman. The gourd race was said to be lots of fun, and the games they played helped to make the evening very pleasant.

A two course luncheon was served and all departed, feeling much better acquainted and pleased with everything.

WHEN THE WISE SENIORS ENTERTAINED THE GREEN FRESHIES

ON the evening of November the eighth, nineteen hundred twenty-three, the wise Seniors entertained the green Freshies at a kid party. The pass word was to be Botch-Goo-Goo.

The Seniors and the Freshies came attired as two-year-olds. From their actions it was very hard to distinguish the "Wise" from the "Green."

The nurses were kept very busy arranging hair ribbons, bow-ties, half-socks and distributing all-day suckers to their children.

Also the children must have some games under the supervision of Messrs. Hunt, Leamon and Smith, Mrs. Hunt and the Misses Paige and Couchman.

Some of the games we played were "The Prince of Paris Lost His Hat," and "The Ship Sails."

Following the games the officials of both classes, indulged in a pie eating contest. It was proven that it took somebody Green instead of somebody Wise to eat pie. Of course the Wise used a few more manners than the Green. George Shealey carried off the honors for the Freshies by eating card, cotton, pepper, salt, pie and all. The prize that was given was a box containing three mouse traps, a sandwich and an all-day sucker.

After this we all posed for our picture. The children were all so bashful that it was very difficult to keep our mouths from turning up instead of down; although the photographer asked us to look right at the camera and smile just a moment.

The quartette rendered a beautiful selection the name of which I have forgotten, although it was something about "Fish Scales."

As the chaperons decided it would soon be time to depart a delightful lunch was served consisting of fruit salad, sandwiches, cake, pickles and cider.

However, we poor children just couldn't eat for watching with open-mouthed amazement how the unmarried members of the faculty indulged in the pickle course.

We expected to be escorted home by our chaperons but needless to say other arrangements were made and we soon found ourselves deserted.

We were later picked up by our mothers and carried off to bed.

* * *

HARD TIME PARTY

BY January 12, 1924 the bashful Sophomores had at last "spunked up" enough courage to ask the little Freshmen if they would be their honor guests at a Hard Time party to be given that evening at the school building. The Freshmen were overjoyed at the condescension of the proud and haughty Sophomores and accepted the invitation with all possible haste and eagerness.

Everyone was requested to leave all his fine clothes and jewelry at home and to come arrayed in his oldest and most ragged clothes, so that he would look like he had just got out of the rag-bag.

But, lo! and behold! When evening came, a number of them (including the teachers) arrived in all the splendor of the prohibited articles! The Sophomores declared that they would wreak vengeance on the various persons for coming in this style and so they made them pay large (?) fines.

The evening was passed in playing numerous games with great fun and merriment. Among the games played were: "Jacob and Jerico," "Do I look like a—?" and "Charades."

At a late hour the Sophomores and Freshmen chose partners and marched to rooms two and three, which were prettily decorated and arranged. Here dainty refreshments of mayonaisse sandwiches, pickles, cake and fruit salad were served.

After this all departed saying that the Sophomores were delightful entertainers and had given them an enjoyable evening.



SENIOR CALENDER

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"Daddy Long-Legs"

Olympic Theatre

April 18, 1924.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

United Brethern Church

Rev. Glick

April 20, 1924.

JUNIOR RECEPTION

Methodist Church

April 21, 1924.

COMMENCEMENT

Address by Dr. Tapy

Methodist Church

April 22, 1924.





Mackinsaw was a practical joker who chased white men for sport.





JOE WEAVER

Joe Weaver captained our team in a very capable way and guided the team into and through a victorious season. Not only did Joe show his skill as captain but also as back guard and later as center for our team.

WILLIAM FULLAM

Bill played forward and for a short time floor guard. He is the life of the team, always being the last to lose courage. He won a place on the all county team.

ELLSWORTH JOHNSON

Ellsworth won honors for himself by his endurance and his regular attendance at practice. He played at each of the guard positions. "Jonnie" will be another mainstay for next year.

ROBERT BENWARD

Bob, at forward won a name and place for himself by scoring the highest number of points this season.

HOWARD NICKEY

Nickey played center. He showed steady improvement and splendid spirit. He should be a stellar performer next year.

EVERETT JONES

Everett Jones, little but mighty, was a sub forward on our team. One of the most accurate basket shots on our team.

CARL BEAMER

Carl is a Sophomore and was sub guard and forward. He is developing rapidly. He will be an excellent running mate for Jones.

ALBERT HEINIGER

"Abe" alternated at the guard and forward positions. He was rather erratic in his playing at times but has shown improvement. He has another year on the team.



INDIVIDUAL RECORD

PLAYER	TOTAL NO. SCORES	NO. GAMES	FIELD GOALS	PERSONAL FOULS	FREE THROWS
WEAVER	1	14	0	16	1
FULLAM	149	18	67	17	15
BENWARD	190	18	86	14	18
HEINIGER	30	7	12	10	6
JOHNSON	2	12	1	11	0
JONES	0	4	0	0	0
BEAMER	0	2	0	0	0
NICKEY	12	8	6	6	0
THOMPSON	11	12	5	19	1
RAPP	101	12	49	13	3

SEASON'S RECORD

CHURUBUSCO	PLACE	OPPONENT	
CHURUBUSCO	17	THERE	WASHINGTON C. 7
CHURUBUSCO	41	HERE	ETNA 8
CHURUBUSCO	28	THERE	MONROEVILLE 9
CHURUBUSCO	60	HERE	HUNTERTOWN 15
CHURUBUSCO	32	HERE	S. WHITLEY 25
CHURUBUSCO	23	THERE	COLUMBIA CITY 35
CHURUBUSCO	37	HERE	MONROEVILLE 19
CHURUBUSCO	20	THERE	ALBION 24
CHURUBUSCO	28	HERE	WOLF LAKE 34
CHURUBUSCO	28	HERE	WASHINGTON C. 25
CHURUBUSCO	29	THERE	HARLIN 30
CHURUBUSCO	28	THERE	S. WHITLEY 32
CHURUBUSCO	11	HERE	WOLF LAKE 26
CHURUBUSCO	28	HERE	ALBION 10
CHURUBUSCO	18	THERE	BUTLER 14
CHURUBUSCO	41	HERE	LARWILL 20
CHURUBUSCO	33	THERE	HUNTERTOWN 23
CHURUBUSCO	31	HERE	HARLIN 39
CHURUBUSCO	29	COUNTY TOURNEY	COESSE 6
CHURUBUSCO	17	COUNTY TOURNEY	S. WHITLEY 33
CHURUBUSCO	17	DISTRICT TOURNEY	MONROEVILLE 10
CHURUBUSCO	6	DISTRICT TOURNEY	CENTRAL H. S. 37
TOTAL	602		TOTAL 481

SYNOPSIS OF THE BASKET BALL SEASON

AT the beginning of the school year, the Churubusco High School Athletic Association was re-organized under the old plan of '22 and '23, with the good will and support of the business men.

Just a short time after school had started, the season's training began under the efficient supervision of Mr. Hunt, who gave a great amount of time and effort to make the season a successful one.

At the beginning of training, there were several who came out for regular practice, among them were a number of the boys that had played on the team the preceding year. These were the ones that were played on the school's first team.

However, before the season was over a few of the boys dropped out of training on account of a lack of interest.

During the season our team had one and only one disadvantage. It lacked a modern and full sized gymnasium for training purposes and for the accommodation of the enthusiastic crowd of rooters that desired to witness the home games.

The team was highly complimented a number of times on its excellent sportsmanship, that it displayed in every game.

The team's spirit was good throughout the whole season, perhaps partly due to the good attendance of the games and the rooting that was done by the united efforts of rooters of the school and business men. These enthusiasts were influenced to the point of supporting their home team by our very capable yell leader, Jim Deck.

After glancing at the records we find that the team had a very successful season, playing eighteen of the scheduled number of nineteen games and winning eleven of the eighteen that were played.

However, the team did not make a very good showing at the county and district tournaments, being defeated in their second game of each. Again we can point back to the fact that our small gym was a handicap to our team, and we all know that it did make a difference to our team when it was compelled to play on a standard sized floor, thus causing it to make a poor showing in a few instances.

This one fact concerning our gym, we hope will bring about a change in the views of some of our school patrons, and we will wait and watch eagerly for C. H. S. to have a modern gymnasium and equipment which will enable us to have the champion five of Whitley county.

GIRLS BASKET BALL



ROLL

Mable Gordon, Captain	Left Guard
Lois Stockert	Right Guard
Florence King	Right Forward
Grace Flowers	Left Forward
Gertrude Madden	Jump Center
Lois Summers	Side Center
Mildred Thompson	Guard

THE season started with a decisive victory for the 'Busco Girls, with a score of 14-0, against the Hometown Girls. The next game was played at Columbia City and although the 'Busco Girls were defeated 16-2, they put up a hard fight and went home determined to win on their own floor.

When Columbia City met 'Busco on the local floor the first half ended with a score of 5-6 in Columbia City's favor, showing that the 'Busco Girls were carrying out their threats. But for some reason our girls did not play so well the last half and were defeated by a score of 16-7.

The next game will always be remembered by the Churubusco Girls because it proved to be more of a comedy than anything else. The 'Busco Girls could not measure up to the Wolf Lake Girls in size and the result was that they wore themselves out running around their opponents. The game ended with a victory for Wolf Lake, with a score of 11-0.

The last game played by our girls was one that will also be remembered because of the good fellowship which existed between the members of the opposing teams. The girls were defeated with a score of 11-6 which was partly due to Albion's having a larger team.

ALUMNI

1903

Harry Brown, Cashier	Garrett, Ind.
Fred Metsker, Farmer	Houston, Texas
Patrick Maloney, Manager of Telephone Co.	Columbia City, Ind.
Gertrude Magers, Deceased	
J. B. Sheadel, Manager of Power Plant	Columbia City, Ind.

1904

Edward Beaver, Miner	Anaconda, Minn.
William Cuswell, Salesman	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Frona Fulk, At home	Ege, Ind.
Edith Kent, (Beavers)	Anaconda, Minn.

1905

Isiah Bear, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Lynn Coverstone, Auto Salesman	Falon, Nev.
Maude Griffith, (Conrad)	Independence, Iowa

1906

Arthur Beyer, Physician	Redwing, Minn.
Ella Kilworth, Copyist	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Arthur McGuire, Inspector of perishable goods	Great Fall, Mont.

1907

Oakley Jones, Deceased	
Charles Hire, Teacher	Bloomington, Ind.
Marvin Smith, Resident	Churubusco, Ind.
Herschel Hollopeter, Operator	Huntertown, Ind.
Charles Easley, Pharmacist	Clay City, Ind.
Sidney Ort, Merchant	Churubusco, Ind.
Hairy Turnbull, Deceased	

1908

Alpha Bear, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Flossie Early (McGuire)	Great Falls, Mont.
Hazel Earley, (Thomas)	South America
Alta Fogel, (Mondy)	Churubusco, Ind.
Gertie Hire, (Ott)	Churubusco, Ind.
Alfred Jeffries, Farmer	Ligonier, Ind.
Ada Johnston, Deceased	
Adda Johnston, Unknown	

1909

Goldie Van Houten, (Lang)	Arcola, Ind.
Charles Benward, Druggist	Churubusco, Ind.
Orpha Burden, (Pettiford)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Florence Hendrickson, (Sheldon)	Churubusco, Ind.
Robert Hyndman, Superintendent of Schools	Canton, Ill.
Frank Jones, Farmer	Collins, Ind.
Denver Ott, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Frank Reed, Jeweler	Kendallville, Ind.
Marvel Smith, (Robinson)	Churubusco, Ind.

1910

John Beyer, Pharacist	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Ruth Chapman, (Burwell) deceased	
Bessie Cramer, (Shaul)	Columbia City, Ind.
Arthur Grawcock, Salesman	Gary, Ind.
Nancy Hire, (Young)	Douglas, Ariz.
Amar Zumbrum, Foreman	Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1911

Jessie Brunton,	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Judson Crabill, Farmer	Bruce Lake, Ind.
Grace Fulk, (Jones)	Churubusco, Ind.
Arthur Hendrickson, Farmer	Collins, Ind.
Lewis Long, Clerk	Churubusco, Ind.
Margaret Madden, Deceased.	
Lewis Maloney, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Lilly Mead, (Harris)	Morocco, Ind.
Rhuea Parks, Teacher	Churubusco, Ind.
Lucy Summers, (Fulk)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Cleveland Sefton, Farmer	Wolf Lake, Ind.

1912

Fanny Arthur, (Budd)	Ashland, Ohio
Kate Arthur, Book-keeper	Churubusco, Ind.
Daniel Barnhart, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Russell Downey, Lumber estimator	South Bend, Ind.
Samuel Egolf, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
James Fulk, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Maude George, (Fisher)	Champlain, Ill.
Harry Gaff, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Bertha Hire, (Magley)	Columbia City, Ind.
Oscar Isay, Merchant	Churubusco, Ind.
Blanche Johnston, Teacher	Huntertown, Ind.
Edgar Johnston, Teacher	Roanoke, Ind.
Frank Johnston, Laborer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Earl Jones, Mail clerk	Cincinnati, Ohio
Mary Madden, Stenographer	Chicago, Ill.
Mentor McDuffer, (O'Brien)	Goshen, Ind.
Lynn McBride, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Robert Ort, Dentist	Amboy, Ill.
Lawrence Ott, Farmer	Columbia City, Ind.
Levi Sefton, Mechanic	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Eliza Sheadel, (Pierce)	River Grove, Ill.

1913

Bessie Benward, Deceased	
George Diller, Clerk	Churubusco, Ind.
Edna Ditsler, (Longnecker)	Churubusco, Ind.
Elton Harris, Physician	Salt Lake City, Utah
Fred Hendrickson, Teacher	No. Manchester, Ind.
Herbert Isay, Cashier	So. Whitley, Ind.
Elene Kent, (Rummel)	So. Whitley, Ind.
Mary Maloney, (Reiche)	LaOtto, Ind.
Elsie Schrader, (Sefton)	Phoenix, Ariz.
William VanMeter, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.

1914

Lyman Ackley, Prof. of Music	Duluth, Minn.
Milard Akers, Unknown.	
Lee Brown, X-rayTechnician	South Bend, Ind.
Corinne Deardorf, (Leo)	Dysort, Iowa
Earl Gipe, Mail carrier	Columbia City, Ind.
Neva Hire, Deceased.	
Trilby Miller, (Thomas)	Churubusco, Ind.
Perry Ort, Lawyer,	Churubusco, Ind.
Cecil Sible, Master Mechanic	Douglas, Ariz.
Ruth Sible, (Willis)	Atlanta, Ga.
Hubert Swihart, Deceased.	
Fern Thompson, (Bauman)	Remington, Ind.

1915

Casimer Adams, Freight Agent	Columbia City, Ind.
Tyde Claxton, Student	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Phillip Downey, Lumber inspector	Mishawaka, Ind.
Katy Diller, (Zinn)	Churubusco, Ind.
Gladys Hall, Teacher	Ardis, Ill.
Mary Harris, (Church)	Peru, Ind.
Edith Hire, (Rust)	Arcola, Ind.
Fae Johnston, (McComb)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Mary Kocher, (Fleglestaller)	South Bend, Ind.
Ross McConnell, Insurance Agent	Omaha, Neb.
Frances Miller, (Ort)	Churubusco, Ind.
Merle Rust, Farmer	Arcola, Ind.
Hilda Weaver, Book-keeper	Churubusco, Ind.
Helen Slagle, (Akers)	Columbia City, Ind.
Jesse Slagle, (Gates)	Columbia City, Ind.
Guy Thompson, Plumber,	Churubusco, Ind.
Ted Voorhees, Operator	Chicago, Ill.
Luey Wade, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Velma Whan (Kellam)	Culver, Ind.
Ray Zimm, Factory employee	Kendallville, Ind.
Wildah Zumbrum, Teacher	Green Center, Ind.

1916

Toney Arthur, Mechanic	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Amanda Claxton, (Bumgerdner)	Buller, Ind.
Beatrice Greenawalt, Nurse	Missouli, Mont.
Lilah Jackson, (DeWood)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Herschel Jones, Clerk	Columbia City, Ind.
Marie Stockert, Telephone operator	Churubusco, Ind.
Guy Swanders, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Shirley Turnbull, Clerk	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Berneice Witters, (Leitz)	LaPaz, Ind.
Hearl Zumbrum, Student,	Bloomington, Ind.

1917

Roscoe Anderson, Laborer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Jay Arthur, Stock buyer	Churubusco, Ind.
Russel Bennett, Laborer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Robert Brown, Salesman	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Pearl Brumbaugh, Teacher,	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Helen Deem, (Smith)	Churubusco, Ind.
Ona Dominy, Deceased.	
Dorothy Geiger, (Gause)	Churubusco, Ind.
Edna Hire, Clerk	Columbia City, Ind.
Julius Isay, Salesman	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Mary Johnson, (Connor)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
John Jones, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Eileen Madden, Stenographer	Churubusco, Ind.
Arthur McGuire, Mine operator	Danville, Ill.
Alta Ort, Musician	Churubusco, Ind.
Marjory Richey, (Johnson)	Churubusco, Ind.
Robert Ruble, Freight representative	Richmond, Ind.
Ralph Shanaberger, Salesman	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Helen Smith, (Ruble)	Richmond, Ind.
Merle Smith, Notary Public	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Homer Stockert, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Susie Wade, (Renkenberger)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Leone Watterson, (Brown)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Ruth Watterson, (Welshiemer)	Mishawaka, Ind.
Arthur Welsheimierner, Student	Chicago, Ill.

1918

Maxie Boggs, Rate-setter	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Elizabeth Diller, Clerk	Churubusco, Ind.
Herman Fogel, Cream Tester	Churubusco, Ind.
Lenita Growcock, Clerk	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Murray Johnston, Laborer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Harry King, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Marie Krider, (Hoog)	Churubusco, Ind.
Estella McCoy, (Distler)	Churubusco, Ind.
Dwight Parish, Waiter	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Forrest Richey, Laborer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Mildred Rust, Student,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mildred Smith, (Gates)	Columbia City, Ind.
Lois Watterson, Stenographer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1919

Maxie Beavers, (McCoy)	Churubusco, Ind.
Rhnea Benhour, (Cone)	Mich.
Gladys Stroh, (Gordon)	Churubusco, Ind.
Arthur Bonar, Plumber	Churubusco, Ind.
John Brunton, Auctioneer	Decatur, Ind.
Lowell Delanoy, Mechanic,	Churubusco, Ind.
Byron Downey Student,	Bloomington, Ind.
Helen Egolf, (Shively)	Columbia City, Ind.
Hildreth Egolf, (Moore)	Columbia City, Ind.
Robert Felger, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Vivian Garrison, (Tobias)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Walter Gordon, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Murray Harrold, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Miriam Harter, Maid	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Bernice Hyndman, (Gatwood)	Churubusco, Ind.
Alva Herron, Muscian	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Velma Keltner, (Miller)	Churubusco, Ind.
Faye Lacey, (Johnston)	Roanoke, Ind.
Paul Leaman, Teacher	Churubusco, Ind.
Catherine Madden, Stenographer,	Churubusco, Ind.
Virgil McGuire, Foreman	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lloyd Miller, Teacher	Dana, Ill.
Lenoard Rapp, Farmer,	Churubusco, Ind.
Hazel Slagle, at home	Churubusco, Ind.
Marcile Smith, (Gray)	Churubusco, Ind.
Calvin Swihart, Mechanic	Lima, Ohio
Ollie Trulove, Teacher	Churubusco, Ind.

1920

Theodore Bauman, Farmer	Monon, Ind.
Marie Bennett, (Beck)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lois Deem, Teacher,	Churubusco, Ind.
Charlotte Diller, Clerk	Churubusco, Ind.
Hoadley Dominy, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Wilma Gordon, (Goshen)	La Paz, Ind.
Guila Hyndman, Teacher	Huntertown, Ind.
Ruth Lacey, Clerk	Bippus, Ind.
Mabel VanMeter, (Magner)	Churubusco, Ind.
Martha Wade, Deceased.	

1921

Alta Arthur, Deceased.	
Janis Barr, (Crabill)	Huntington, Ind.
Harley Barrett, at home	Churubusco, Ind.
Alene Duglay, at home	Churubusco, Ind.
Luther Felgar, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Velda Krider, Teacher	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Alvina Rucke, Stenographer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Russel Rockhill, Clerk	Churubusco, Ind.
Gladys Sible, (Distler)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Eva Sible, (Gordon)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.

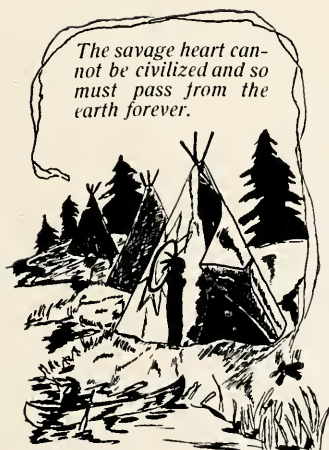
Margureite Smith, Teacher	Collins, Ind.
Thelma Smith, (Turley)	Mishawaka, Ind.
Mabel Stockert, Student	Indianapolis, Ind.
Edith Stroh, (Bonar)	Churubusco, Ind.
Harry Thompson, Plumber	Mishawaka, Ind.
Nellie Valentine, Student	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lee Garrison, Student	Bloomington, Ind.

1922

Mildred Cosper, at home	St. Joe, Ind.
Cecil Allman, Mechanic,	Churubusco, Ind.
Otis Cramer, Clerk	Churubusco, Ind.
Mary Deck, Clerk	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Gertrude Fullam, Teacher	Columbia City, Ind.
Edith Gump, Teacher	Churubusco, Ind.
Erma Gross, at home,	Churubusco, Ind.
Erlene Johnson, Student	Athens, Ohio
Ronald Johnson, Boilermaker	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Amelia Pence, Clerk	Churubusco, Ind.
Clare Slagle, Laborer	Churubusco, Ind.
Hildreth Slagle, (Steffof)	Mishawaka, Ind.
Forrest Thompson, Welder	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Arthur Van Meter, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Henry Veasey, at home	Hamilton, Ind.

1923

Lolitta Boggs, at home	Churubusco, Ind.
Donald Davis, Student	Bloomington, Ind.
Grace Deems, Student	Munc'e, Ind.
Clarence Diller, Laborer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Kenneth Fleck, Printer	Churubusco, Ind.
Henry Flowers, at home	Churubusco, Ind.
Beryle Frazier, Student	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lloyd Garrison, Salesman	Churubusco, Ind.
Theron Growcock, Waiter	Churubusco, Ind.
Everett Haster, Laborer	Churubusco, Ind.
Marjorie Harter, at home	Churubusco, Ind.
Helen Isay, Student	Chicago, Ill.
William Jetmore, Laborer	Churubusco, Ind.
Hazel Johnson, (Weidiman)	Churubusco, Ind.
Paul Krider, Machinist	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Wilma McGuire, Maid	Ligonier, Ind.
Joseph Madden, Student	Lafayette, Ind.
Bernard Maloney, Student	Lafayette, Ind.
Lewis Matthews, Laborer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Herman Pauley, Student	Lafayette, Ind.
Olive Pauley, Book-keeper	Churubusco, Ind.
Mildred Raypole, Factory employee	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Thomas Ruble, Clerk	Churubusco, Ind.
Thelma Thompson, Clerical work	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Teddy Van Meter, Farmer	Churubusco, Ind.
Ethyl Yant, (Johnson)	Ft. Wayne, Ind.



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The Gift appropriate for every occasion where
the presentation of gifts are proper.

MARY WAYNE FINE CHOCOLATES



These paramount sweets are certainly setting new
styles in chocolate tastes. Decidedly new and pleasing
in their deliciousness which entices one to eat piece
after piece, liking each one a little better than the last
and making them so extremely popular.




You Can Get Them Always Fresh At

THE MAJESTIC CIGAR STORE

E. K. COTTON, Prop.

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	Hurray for the first day of school. First class session only three hours.			Conflicts and poor lessons are the main themes of the teachers today.		15
					Mr. Latham was going to send some letters down to Miss Waterson's room, but he changed his mind.	
16	Blue Monday.	Rev. Moore gives a talk on China.	The club organized by Miss Conchum, et.	Orchestra organiza-	Friday, no school tomorrow.	22
23	Monday death. Nothing of special interest. Nothing of special interest. Just "The Star's" Int.	Nothing of special interest. Just "The Star's" Int.	Nothing of special interest. Just "The Star's" Int.	New day, not a new day.	Mr. Mosher pays us a much appreciated visit.	29
30						

L. A. TRUMP

Jeweler

* * *

"Gifts That Last"

Howard Nickey—"Clyde is going to sue the faculty for damages."
Elsworth Johnson—"Why? What did they do?"

* * *

Miss Paige (angrily)—"Who put those flowers on my desk?"

Rossie Duncan—"Mr. Smith."

Miss Paige—"Oh, aren't they pretty?"

* * *

Mrs. Hunt—"You remember the story of Daniel in the Lion's den, Mary?"

Mary Shew—"Yes Ma'am."

Mrs. Hunt—"What lesson do we learn from it?"

Mary Shew—"That we shouldn't eat everything we see."

* * *

Albert Heiniger—"The people of Chicago must be very dense."

Mr. Heiniger—"Why?"

Albert—"It says in my history that the population of Chicago is very dense."

* * *

"Is this the fire department?" yelled Mr. Smith over the phone.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"How far is it to the nearest alarm box? My laboratory is on fire and I must turn in the call at once!"

M. A. GAFF

GARAGE SERVICE STATION

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First Class Wrecking Car

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A Well Equipped Shop

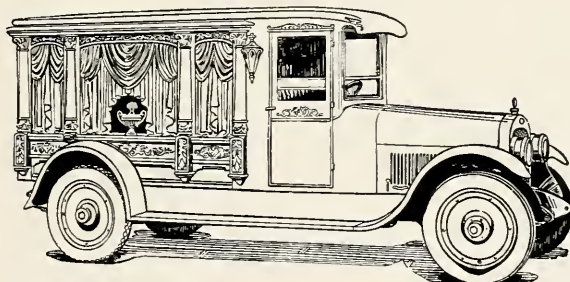
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* * *

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* * *

FARMERS STATE BANK

Joe—"Ralph must be studious. I notice he always wears an eye-shade in class."

Bob—"Yeah, that's to keep the sun away, to give him a chance to sleep."

* * *

Grace Flowers—"Do you know what the latest song is?"

Gertrude Madden—"No, what is it?"

Grace F.—"McCray On The Banks of Indiana," some song if you can find any good notes."

* * *

Love is like an onion,

We taste it with delight,
But afterwards we wonder,
Whatever made us bite.

* * *

Mable Hart—"Say, Tom, not so fast, this is my first ride in a car!"

Tom—"Mine, too."

Dr. Weaver—"Joe, where were you last night?"

Joe—"Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."

Dr. Weaver—"Well, tell them not to leave their hair-pins in the car the next time."

* * *

Bill Fullam—"One good reason for having a girl ride on your lap is because she will go through the wind shield first."

* * *

Grocer—"We have some fine string beans to-day"

Evalyne Rayppol—"How much are they a string?"

* * *

"How's your son getting on in school?"

All right, he's got a job in some bank. He says that he is putting in some time at the pole vault."

Ralph—"Hear about the fight we had in our restaurant?"

Red Rapp—"No."

Ralph—"The coffee soaked the doughnut."

* * *

Miss Couchman—(entering store)
"Do you know whether or not you have 'Yes, We Have No Bananas?'"

Clerk—"Yes, I know we have no 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.'"

* * *

Father—"Only fools are certain, Ray, wise men hesitate."

Ray—"Are you sure, Father?"

Father—"Yes, my boy, certain of it."

* * *

Oh! hideous noises,

There is none that is worse,
Than the blood-curdling cry,
Of a Ford in reverse.

* * *

Customer—"I have eaten much better steaks than this one."

Ralph—(through force of habit)
"Not here, sir, not here."

Robert Coulter—"Imagine whom I saw yesterday."

Robert Pence—"I can't imagine who?"

Robert Coulter—"Why, everyone I looked at."

* * *

Clerk—"See here little girl, I can't spend all day showing you penny candies. Do you want the earth with a little red fence around it for a penny?"

Ruth Hunt—"Let me see it."

* * *

Mr. Smith—"Who can name one important thing we have now that we didn't have one hundred years ago?"

* * *

Paul Grawcock—"Me!"

Erma was powdering her nose industriously in History class when Mr. Smith told her she looked well enough, to which she replied, "Thank you."

Do you desire SUCCESS?

Do you want to become INDEPENDENT?

YES!

Then come in and open an account with us and you will have started on the road to success and independence.

We will welcome your account.

EXCHANGE BANK

CHURUBUSCO, INDIANA

THE GULBRANSEN Registering Piano



EASY TO PLAY

WHITE HOUSE MODEL	\$650
COUNTRL SEAT MODEL	\$550
SUDURBAN MODEL	\$495
COMMUNITY MODEL	\$420

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Churubusco, Indiana

STAMETS AND FRAZIER

* * *

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES AND FRUIT

* * *

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ALL WORK FINISHED PROMPTLY AND NEATLY

Churubusco, Indiana

Where the Glossy Prints are Made

SATURDAY

First round of the
 voting commenced
 at midnight. Who
 will win?

11 12 13

Another dark rainy day. Mr. Leaman, our R. 12 boys' play in Senior Arthur-ton-ight with a class of 111. First game of season your feet above the Washington center line and divide by at South Watley. (W) 10-12.

Harold R. discovers a faster, but less convenient way of getting to the way of day, comes Saturday. "When you call, call hard."

Miss Couchman—"What are you doing Truman?"

Truman—"Nothing."

Miss Couchman—"What are you doing Arthur?"

Arthur—"Helping Truman."

* * *

Mr. Leaman—"Henry, spell weather."

Henry—"W-e-t-t-h-e-r."

Mr. Leaman—"Well, that's certainly the worst spell of weather we've had for some time."

* * *

Mr. Smith—(in Physical Geography) "Elsworth, what kind of weather did we have last Thursday?"

Elsworth—"It was muddy."

* * *

Ralph King—"What are you running for "

Charles Van Meter—"To stop a fight."

Guy Frazier—"Who's fighting?"

Charles—" Me and another guy."

GUY THOMPSON

* * *

Tubular Wells
and
Plumbing, Heating

* * *

Phone 140
Churubusco, Indiana

DR. F. B. WEAVER

DENTIST
CHURUBUSCO, INDIANA

Auto Tops and Side
Curtains
Windshield and Sedan
Glass
Also Upholstering Neatly
Done
Work Guaranteed
Zi Cunningham

Compliments of
KICHLER & ORNDORF

Miss Couchman—"Haven't you any thing to do, Arthur?"

Arthur Smith—"Yes, I'm thinking"

* * *

"Don't be so hasty, my friend," I replied,

"Think twice before you utter."

"I'll do that," he replied,

"For I st-tut-tut-stutter."

* * *

The Churubusco Truth tells of Jim Anderson who ran head-on into a seven story office building and after regaining consciousness meekly murmured, "I blew my horn."

* * *

Miss Paige—"Ray, what are the good points in the theme?"

Ray McBride—"Whya, I think where the farmer used blank shells instead of loaded ones."

* * *

Jim Deck (In art class)—"Eva-lyne, this here landscape I was, er, telling you about. I am at a loss for a title."

Eva-lyne Raypole—"Why not call it 'Home?'"

Jim—"Home, why so?"

Eva-lyne—"Well, because there's no place like Home."

Don't blackboard erasors absorb a lot of knowledge though?

* * *

Nellie's Mother—"Nellie what does 'U' mean in conduct?"

Nellie—"It means unfortunate."

* * *

Francis Harter—"Tell me, will it be an offence if I catch fish in this pond?"

Harold Abbot—"No, it will be a miracle."

* * *

Miss Paige—"Read the next paragraph, Truman."

Howard—"They rang the last bell when he was carrying a dictionary and he dropped it on his foot."

* * *

At times I'm plunged in deep despair,
And life seems only toil and care.
Then I redecorate my face,
And lo! the world's a different place."

* * *

Mr. Rees—"Did you require your portrait done in oil?"

Mr. Leaman—"Done in oil?! What d'ya take me for—a sardine?"

L. ISAY & SON

DEPARTMENT STORE

CHURUBUSCO, INDIANA

OFFICIAL

outfitters to Churubusco High School Boys and Girls. This store outfitted the Athletic Association with their beautiful sweaters given to the Basket Ball Team for the season of 1923-1924.

This store fitted out more boys in the 1924 graduating class with new suits than any other store.



This store has never failed to support both financially and morally, any project of which the High School has asked for help.

L. Isay & Son are really proud to say that they consider their store the Official Outfitters to the Churubusco High School.

SATURDAY

3

10

17

24

30

IF IT'S SHOES

Think of WALK-OVER for dress
MARTHA WASHINGTON for com-
fort, WOLVERINE for men who
work, POLL-PARROT and STAR
BRAND all Leather for the Boy and
Girl. Sold only at

RUBLE SHOE STORE

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Acute, Cronic and Nervous Diseases
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Office Kingdom Bldg.

CHOICE MEATS


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MADDEN & ROCKHILL

JESSE H. BRIGGS

M. D.

DECEMBER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
2	Another damp day, rained 4, has the minutes of school fairly inspected by an experienced inspector, at eleven minutes early.	The generous heart of Mr. Mosher received us of twenty minutes of school by a fake fire alarm and dismissal at eleven minutes early.	By all sounds to-day a "Freshman State crabs" Association will soon be organized.	Everyone in high school today especially members of athletic twelve.	U. S. expects to buy the photograph a new era as the Freshman class picture was taken today.	8
9	Zephyrus from room three informs the three. The Sun. Zephyrus will soon be weeked.	And again the three. The Sun. Zephyrus will soon be weeked.	"The Week of the 'Tropics' will be given this evening at the Methodist church by U. S. club and of interest.		The entire U. S. engage in Spelling this A. M.	15
16	Nothing unusual today.	Another beautiful day.	Seniors meet to discuss matters pertaining to their class.	Everyone in the school as was shown by members of A. F. L. in the twelve.	Visitors and more visitors everyone in the school as to the coming of Santa. Extent of party by the number of subscribers this P. M.	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	Back to school again, to start the new year right with freshly oiled floors, fire barrels, and new coats of paint. The floors will be of redwood. For see Mr. Hunt.					

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Mr. Smith—(After explaining a problem in Algebra class) "Now is there anyone here who understands this problem?"

Mr. Smith—"What is a gulf?"

Albert H.—"A dent in a continent."

Miss Paige—"What is the plural of child?"

George Shealy—"Twins."

The dictionary is a comforting book. One can always find how to spell a word if one knows how to spell it in the first place so one can look it up.

Guy F.—"Caxton found the printing press."

Mrs. Hunt—"Where did he find it?"

Mrs. Hunt—"Boys, you may write a composition on the ball-game."

Bill's composition—"R a i n—n o game."

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in a court of justice when he encountered a negro.

"No, boss," said the negro, "I've got a lawyer who does my defending. I've the gentleman what stole the chickens."

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JANUARY

SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY



"Examinations today. Good luck! Another day of examinations. Why should we be punished?"

5

Every one knows his fate. Robert and Joe live of their shoes, so they exchange them at the start of the year. One brown shoe accompanied by a black oxford.

6

The Freshmen pen- nant is gone. Oh, where? Oh, where? today.

Another dark day. Did you wear your boots today? Sen- ior investigation re- garding sudden disappearance of Freshmen pennant.

Another day gone and not a word from you. (Pen- nant) Freshmen in- dication in daily school work, without Freshmen, without Freshmen, with come home, my goodness, yes.

12

13

The pennant reap- pears but in a very shrunken form.

Representative of the Ft. Wayne Ex- ercising Co. meets with the staff to discuss matters re- garding the Annual this P. M.

Freshmen girls are busy talking of subjects of major importance by the general confusion as well as his pres- entation. Mr. Hunt finds the assembly.

19

20

Cents seem to be very stylish today because of the ab- sence of heat in the building.

A member of our basket ball team is absent, due to an accident at the game last Friday night.

Wanted by Book- keeper (Class "Something to per- strate books to high- rise when they re- fr so."

Mr. Hunt finds the Senior Class class insufficiently in- formed on some questions. B- y whom were they answered? "Mr. Hunt."

Book reports are due Monday. Jan- uary 25. Can you guess where I got the above sentence?

26

27

Everyone in good spirit. Why? The team won a splen- did victory Friday evening, and Joe is back to school room.

This must be some Senior's birthday. "Watch your step, or skate," is the slogan today.

Another victory for C. H. S. last evening. Ophe- lism pictures taken to- day.

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O
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T
S

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SATURDAY

2

9

16

23

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IT PAYS

MARCH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
2	C. H. S. wins over Coessee in tournament. Not victories, but far from defeat.	Scouters when do you expect to experience? Are you going to college, if so, when and where? Those three questions are answered in one word, which is doubtful.		"To error is human, to forgive is divine."	Another sign of spring, a spring zephyr in the form of snow flakes.	8
9	Senior play committee meet and Fair and winter sport play. First today, not announced.	We wonder when the beating shall expert to show their eloquence.		Thirteen, wadsky number, well! The annual goes to the p. n. l. s. h. e. r. goodlye until we see you in better late.		15
16	St. Patrick's Day. Seniors show your colors.	Flaglets in a vet. study your lines.		"When roses bloom, in the spring time, tra la la."		22
23	Devotional service One month from this A. M. We need day our ways will be divided.			A good spirit exhibited by all.	A day that fills your heart with song as you listen to the chirp of the first robin.	29
30	The last day of March, now for the eighth lap of our 1924 journey.					

BACK TO THE FARM

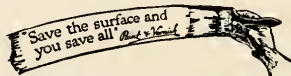
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Mr. Hunt—"Mr. Smith, where are you going with that lantern?"

Mr. Smith—"To see my girl."

Mr. Hunt—"When I went to see my girl I never carried a lantern."

Mr. Smith—"Yes, and see what you got."

* * *

Ross Trump—"Grandma, can you make a noise like a frog?"

Grandma—"No, Ross, I can't, why do you ask?"

Ross—"Because I heard pop say he'd give fifty dollars to hear you had croaked."

Oh! Mr. Santa Claus,
Your so awful good,
Please sent me some alcohol,
Which hasn't any wood.

* * *

He kissed her in the garden,
The moon was shining bright,
But she was a marble statue,
And he was drunk that night

* * *

Truman Krider—(with great dignity) "Then this is absolutely final?"
Grace Flowers—"Absolutely! Shall I return your letters?"

Truman—"Yes, please, I think they're good enough to use again."

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Policeman—"Didn't you hear me tell you to stop?"

Paul Grawcock—"I didn't know it was you, I thought it was someone I ran over."

* * *

In the parlor there were only three,
The parlor lamp, Eva and me.
Two is company without a doubt,
And so the parlor lamp went out.

* * *

Mrs. Hunt—(In English class)
"What does snowbound deal with?"

Francis Harter—"Well, it's about the snow."

* * *

Upon passing a beautiful young lady on the street Albert said to Jim,
"Did you see that young lady smile at me?"

Jim—"That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

* * *

The Senior boys had been whispering so much in class that Mr. Hunt told them to remain after school that night. The following is what ensued Bill Fullam—(When Mr. Hunt wasn't looking) "Give us liberty or give death!"

Mr. Hunt—"Who said that?"
Bill—"Patrick Henry."

Mr. Hunt—"You should think of the future."

Ray McBride—"I can't. It's my girl's birthday and I have to think of the present."

* * *

Miss Couchman—"Bill I never saw anyone who could talk as much as you and Grace."

Bill Fullam—"Get a mirror."

* * *

Guy F.—"Say, Dad can you sign your name without looking?"

M. F.—"Why certainly, son. Why?"

Guy F.—"Then please sign my report card without looking."

* * *

Cedric Veazey—"There was one time in my life when I wished I was down and out."

Jay Whan—"When was that?"

Cedric—"That time I took my first ride in an aeroplane."

* * *

Mrs. Hunt is my teacher, I shall not pass, she maketh me to translate difficult sentences, she exposeth my ignorance before the whole class, she giveth to me examinations in the presence of my comrades, yea though I sit up until midnight she will not give me good grades, and I shall stay in class forever.

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